

# The Sketch

No. 905.—Vol. LXX.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1910.

SIXPENCE.

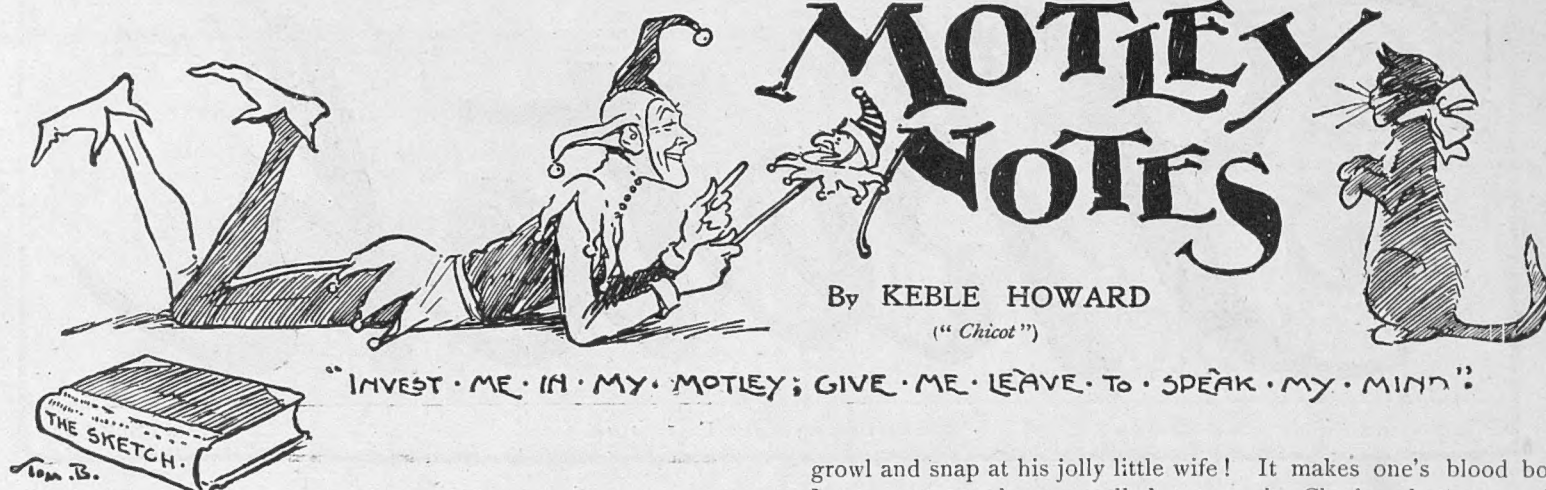


A JUNE BRIDE: MISS EVIE GREENE, WHO IS TO MARRY LIEUTENANT E. KENNAWAY ARBUTHNOT  
TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY).

Miss Evie Greene, the well-known actress, is to marry Lieutenant Ernest Kennaway Arbuthnot this (Wednesday) afternoon, at St. Luke's, Hampstead. Lieutenant Arbuthnot is stationed at Whale Island. He has known Miss Greene, whose father was a naval officer, since childhood. Miss Greene was born at Portsmouth. She will not forsake the stage.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.





### The Battle of Charlie Wilson.

I spent a tremendously exciting evening a little while ago at the Duke of York's Theatre. The play was "Chains," by Miss Elizabeth Baker. Charlie Wilson is a clerk in a London office, and he doesn't like his life. He feels that he was made for better things. He has a very nice little house in a suburb, with a very nice little conservatory opening off the main sitting-room, a very nice little music-room also opening off the main sitting-room, a very nice little hall also opening off the main sitting-room, a nice fire, incandescent gas with a cheerful red shade, a pipe that draws freely, a big box of cigarettes, friendly neighbours to right and left of him, and, above all, a very jolly and a very loving little wife. His appetite is splendid—I myself saw him eat a plate of beef, a large portion of an excellent pudding made by his jolly little wife, and, in the morning, a large plate of porridge. All these things he ate with extraordinary avidity, so that one envied him his digestion. He has a genial father-in-law who has made a small fortune in the plumbing business, as all plumbers do, and will probably leave him a nice little something when he dies. All these advantages notwithstanding, Charlie Wilson goes grunting and snarling about from one end of the play to the other.

### Wilson's Folly.

The excitement begins when Charlie takes it into his head to chuck up his job and go, "on spec," to Australia. In this fatuous scheme, quite properly denounced by all his relations and friends, he is encouraged by an exceptionally silly girl called Maggie Massey. Maggie loves men to chuck up their jobs and go to Australia. It doesn't matter much what sort of a man it happens to be if only he will chuck his job, and his home, and, temporarily, his wife, in order to go to Australia. For three and a half acts it was odds on Charlie Wilson, who was obviously an incompetent fool, going to Australia. He himself badly wanted to go. That's all right; every colt wants to flourish his legs in the air. On top of that, Miss Elizabeth Baker wanted him to go. I am sure she did. Miss Baker is a very clever young woman, with a splendid fund of humour and the trick of "observation," but she mustn't encourage incompetent young gentlemen such as Charlie Wilson to go to Australia. She may deny that Charlie Wilson is incompetent. I will prove to her that he is. He has a passion for gardening, and complains bitterly that he cannot grow anything worth growing in his tiny conservatory and his strip of a garden. It never occurs to him to live further out of town, where the rents are lower, the gardens bigger, and the railway-tickets just as cheap. Australia, forsooth!

### Snarling at the Pudding.

In the end, I am thankful to say, Charlie Wilson does not go to Australia. He takes his nice little topper and goes to the City. I see that some people have called it a sad ending. It would have been a very much sadder ending for Charlie Wilson, I fancy, to say nothing of jolly little Mrs. Charlie Wilson, if he had gone. It is true that there is more ground-space in Australia than there is in England, and there are a certain number of young men in City offices who have enough initiative, pluck, energy, and imagination to make good use of that ground-space. But Charlie Wilson, unfortunately for Miss Baker's ardour, is not one of them. What he does when he gets to the office I haven't an idea, but, judging him by his utterances in the home circle, and his general exhibition throughout the piece, I should be very sorry to offer him more than eight shillings a week. Clearly, his employer is either a madman or a philanthropist. His face alone, peevish and scowling, is enough to frighten all the clients into the Thames. And then to hear him

growl and snap at his jolly little wife! It makes one's blood boil. I am sorry to be compelled to say it, Charles, but you quite alienated my sympathy when you acknowledged the merits of that nice pudding with a mere snarl.

### THE WILSONS IN PARADISE.

If Miss Baker will allow me, I will show her what would have happened to Charlie Wilson and little Mrs. Wilson in Australia. The scene is the interior of their log-cabin on Wilson's Fruit Farm. It is evening. Little Mrs. Wilson has prepared supper, and is now waiting for Charlie to come and eat it. Presently Charlie enters. His face is simply furrowed with scowls. He looks haggard. The clothes of both are in rags. Little Mrs. Wilson is so thin and ill that you would hardly recognise her.

CHARLIE (*growling*). Supper ready?

MRS. WILSON (*nervously*). Yes, darling.

CHARLIE (*with a horrible snarl*). "Yes, darling! Yes, darling!" Why couldn't you sing out and say so? You knew I was waiting for it.

MRS. WILSON. I'm so sorry, darling. I thought you might be busy.

CHARLIE (*shouting with fury*). Busy! What should I be busy about in this rotten climate? Eh? Tell me that.

MRS. WILSON. I don't know, darling. Of course, you can't help the climate, can you?

CHARLIE. Serve the supper and don't be a fool. (*She does so.*) What's this? Rabbit again? Didn't I give orders that I wouldn't eat no more rabbit? Eh? Answer me!

MRS. WILSON. Yes, darling, you did; but I can't get anything better without money, and—

CHARLIE (*slinging his supper through the open door*). Money? Don't talk to me about money. Did you write to yer father, as I said?

MRS. WILSON. Yes, darling; but he hasn't replied this time. I'm afraid he's— Oh, you won't be angry, will you?—but I'm afraid he's tired of sending it.

CHARLIE. Unnatural old dog, letting his daughter starve in a heathenish land! I'll show him up if ever I get back to Hammer-smith!

MRS. WILSON (*with clasped hands*). Oh, Charlie, if only we could get back! Just to see them all again! And our dear little home!

CHARLIE. Well, we can't, see? So it's no good talkin' about it. Besides, they'd all jeer at me and say I'd failed in Australia. I know 'em, the dirty dogs! There's no justice in this world, never was, and never will be. I never had a fair chance. Eight hundred pounds I've sunk in this place, most of it borrowed from yer father, and what do I get out of it? Nothing! Absolutely bally nothing! All the trees dying, except those that are dead. And then look at that chap on the next plot, piling up the dollars by the bushel. I tell you there's no justice in this world. I wish I'd never been born.

MRS. WILSON (*crying*). Oh, don't say that, darling.

CHARLIE (*shouting*). Don't cry! D'yer hear me? Cry again and I'll knock yer napper off. (*Reflectively—lighting his pipe.*) Yes, it's a rotten world for some—a rotten world.

(*Silence. Suddenly Mrs. Wilson looks up.*)

MRS. WILSON. Charlie!

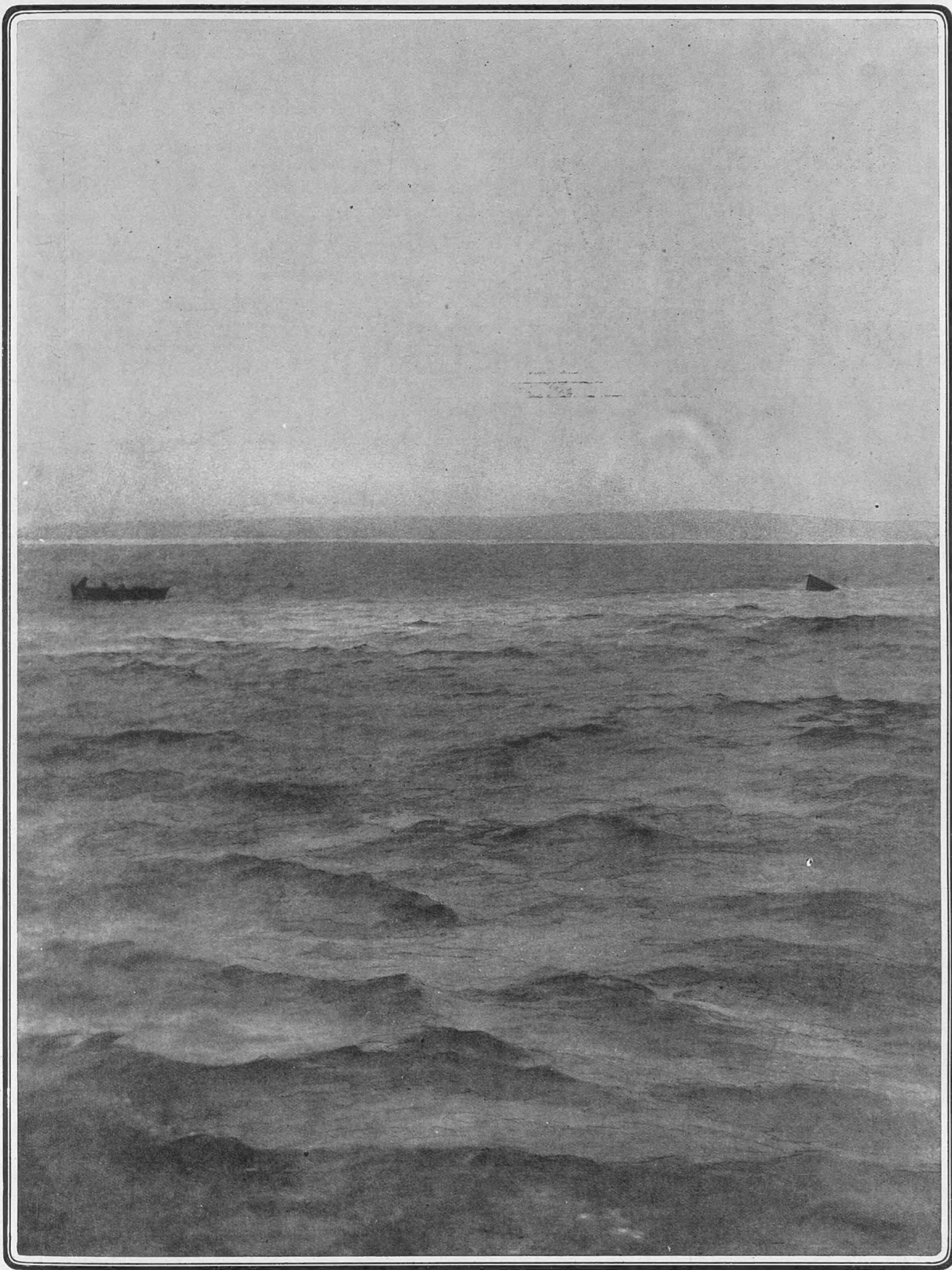
CHARLIE. Well? What is it now?

MRS. WILSON. Couldn't we advertise for a lodger? I wouldn't mind the extra work a bit, and he'd be company for you of an evening.

CHARLIE. Lodger, eh? That's not a bad notion. (*He considers.*) Yes, you can try. . . . Chuck me that other pipe over.



THE SINKING OF A SUBMARINE BY A CHANNEL STEAMER:  
THE LOSS OF THE FRENCH SUBMERSIBLE "PLUVIOSE," WITH ALL HANDS.



SEEKING IN VAIN TO SUCCOUR THE SIX-AND-TWENTY MEN IN THE WRECKED SUBMARINE: THE BOAT FROM THE  
"PAS DE CALAIS" MAKING FOR THE SINKING "PLUVIOSE," WHOSE BOW IS SEEN ABOVE THE SURFACE.

Thursday of last week will be marked as a black-letter day in the calendars of the French Navy. The Channel steamer "Pas de Calais," leaving Calais Harbour, struck something in the water, a something the passengers believed to be a log, a relic of a wrecked ship. A moment later the bow of the submarine "Pluviose" appeared above the surface, and it was evident that the passenger-vessel and the little under-seas-going war-vessel had been in collision. The "Pas de Calais" lowered a boat, which was rowed to the submarine. Taps on the metal of the unhappy craft elicited no response from the six-and-twenty men who formed her crew. For fifteen minutes the bow, its tiny iron flag in place, showed above the water. Then it was swallowed up, naught but bubbles and oil from burst tanks marking its last resting-place. Desperate efforts were made to reach the doomed vessel and her men. Divers went down to her, found her at a depth of seventy-two feet, and fastened a hawser to her. More could not be done; no apparatus strong enough to lift her was at hand. On the following afternoon, divers again descended, to find that the "Pluviose" had moved with the current, and that there was a great rent in her. It is evident that no blame for the disaster attaches to anyone.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]



## BURYING A PHONGYI: A FUNERAL THAT SUGGESTED A FAIR.



1. A GROUP OF THE BUILDINGS ERECTED IN FIFTEEN DAYS FOR THE TEN-DAY FESTIVAL IN CONNECTION WITH THE CREMATION OF A HIGH BURMESE PHONGYI (PRIEST).
2. CLOTHED IN HUNDREDS OF CARPETS: A GREAT FIGURE OF BUDDHA AND ONE OF THE PAGODAS ERECTED FOR THE OCCASION.
3. SOME OF THE SPECIAL BUILDINGS ERECTED FOR THE TEN-DAY FESTIVAL.
4. A THEATRE ERECTED FOR THE OCCASION, SHOWING ITS WARPED "SPIRES."

These photographs were taken in Upper Burma, and show the elaborate buildings erected for a great religious festival in connection with the cremation of a high Burmese priest. The buildings and the ground were prepared in fifteen days. The festival lasted ten days, and a great crowd came from all parts of Burma to attend it. Various side-shows were provided for the edification of the visitors, including a theatre. With regard to the great figure of Buddha shown in the second photograph, it may be said that the effigy was built up on a wooden frame, and that its clothing consisted of hundreds of small squares of carpet lent for the occasion by Burmese. Photograph No. 4 emphasises the temporary nature of the buildings. It will be seen that a number of the "spires" have warped under the effects of the heat and the wind.

*Photographs supplied by Lieutenant S. S. Higgins.*



## ALL ABOUT PEOPLE.



FACING FAMILIAR FIRE: MR. ROOSEVELT POSING FOR A SEPTET OF SNAPSHOTTERS AT CAMBRIDGE.

Mr. Roosevelt was much interested in his visit to Cambridge, and recalled the days in which Harvard, founder of the great American University that bears his name, was there. The ex-President's speech was of the frank and free order of which he is a master, and was heard with delight.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



WELCOMED BY A GODCHILD: MR. ROOSEVELT SALUTING A TEDDY BEAR AT EMMANUEL COLLEGE.

Mr. Roosevelt visited Cambridge University last week to receive the honorary degree of LL.D. As he entered the first court of Emmanuel College, a tiny Teddy-bear, decked in the College colours, extended a paw in welcome. Mr. Roosevelt is shown in the photograph with the Master of Emmanuel.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



TO MARRY MISS STEWART OF ARDS: CAPTAIN SIR PIETER BAM.

Sir Pieter Canzius van Blommestein Bam received his knighthood from King Edward VII. three years ago. He was born at Cape Town in 1869, and was educated at Cheltenham, the Normal College and South African College at Cape Town, and at the Diocesan College, Rondebosch. He entered the Cape Garrison Artillery in 1892, retiring in 1901. He served in the South African War.—[Photo. by Thomson.]



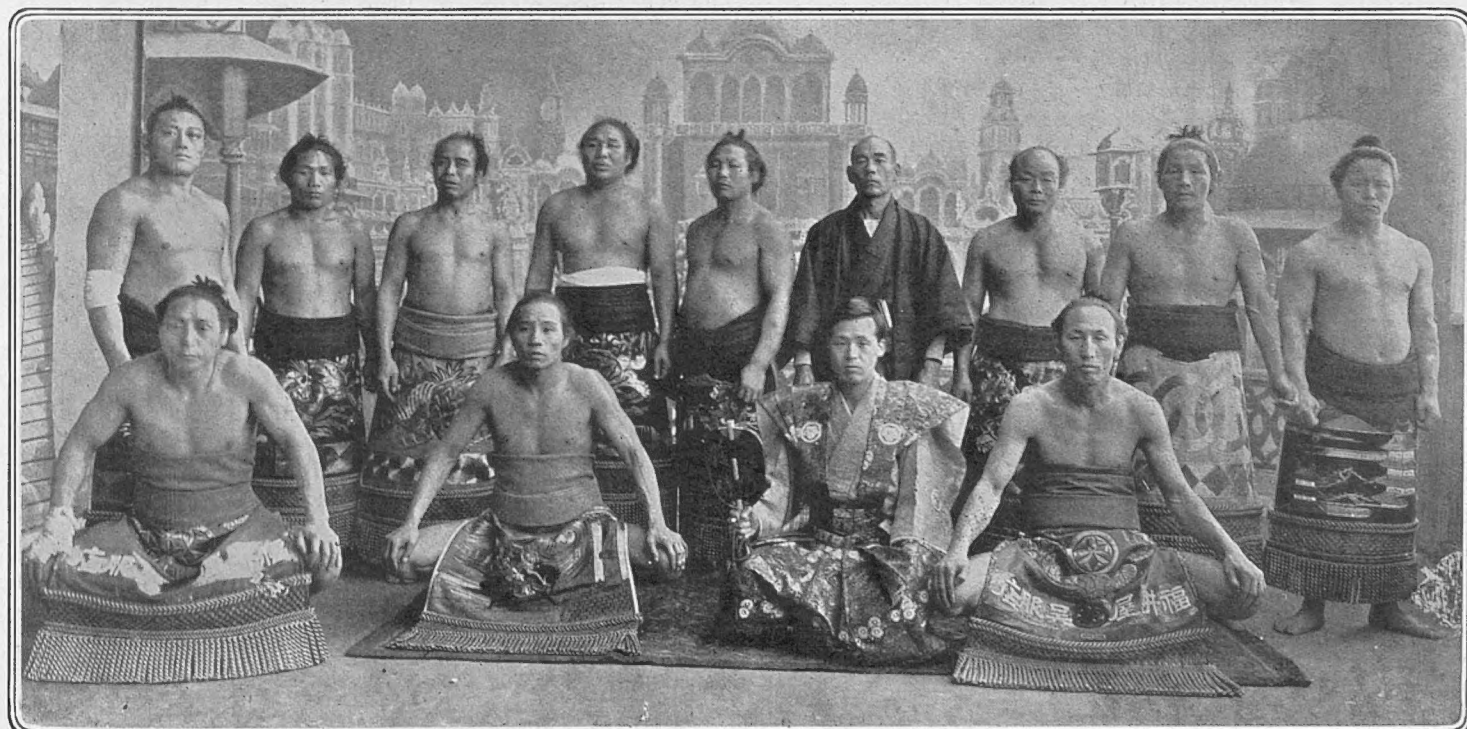
TO MARRY CAPTAIN SIR PIETER BAM: MISS STEWART OF ARDS.

Sir Pieter Bam, whose engagement to Miss Stewart of Ards is announced, is Senior Member of the Legislative Assembly for Cape Town. He contested Cape Town and Victoria West in 1904, the year in which he became a member of the Legislative Assembly of Cape Town. He was Chairman of the General Executive of the South African Exhibition in 1907.—[Photograph by Thomson.]



CONTROLLER OF KING GEORGE'S RACEHORSES FOR THE PRESENT SEASON: THE EARL OF DERBY.

King Edward bequeathed his racehorses to King George, who has announced his intention of keeping up the royal racing establishment. Obviously, the King will not run any horses in his own name while the Court is in mourning. Lord Derby has taken over the horses until the end of this year. They will remain in the hands of the King's trainer.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



ATHLETES WHO DELIBERATELY CULTIVATE FAT: JAPANESE WRESTLERS WHO ARE APPEARING AT THE ANGLO-JAPANESE EXHIBITION.

Japanese wrestlers are not as the wrestlers of other countries: they cultivate fat, where other men would seek wiriness of limb and muscle. For the rest, let Mr. Douglas Sladen's description of some he saw at Ek Koin, be quoted: "The wrestlers were dressed in very little but a chignon, except the dark-blue harness round their loins. . . . At the first signal they sat up like frogs in front of the umpire, waiting to spring. At the second they sprang, and tried to get a good grip or a killing lock. If their guards were successful, as often happened, they returned to their haunches and started again." The wrestlers at the Jap-Anglo promise to be one of the chief attractions of the Exhibition, for their skill is unquestionable.—[Photograph by Walsham.]



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essential, and of man's ingratitude to his worn-out friend. As long,  
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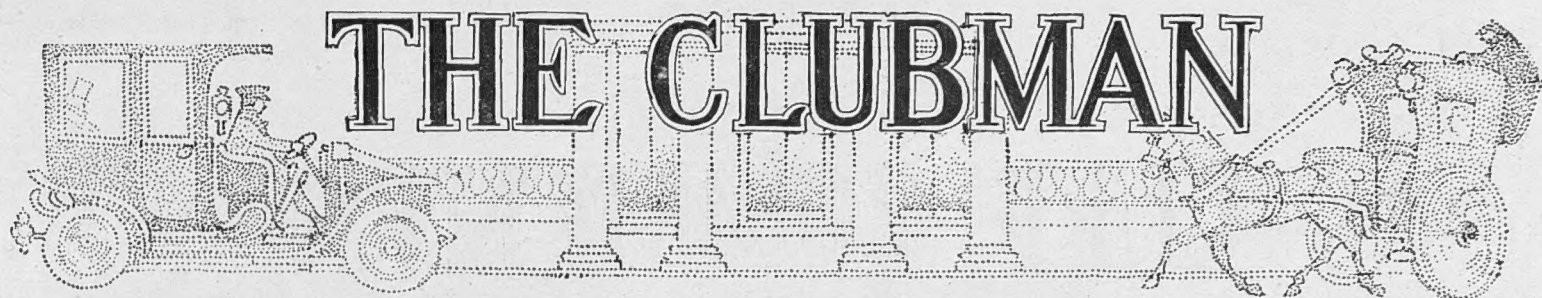
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same risk.

June 1, 1910.

Signature.....





**King George.** A Prince of Wales who is a dutiful son and a loyal subject is compelled to a great extent to efface himself during the life of his father. He may take a lead in amusement, and as a deputy for the King may cross the seas, but he cannot prove himself a statesman in his own country while his father lives.

The world of the clubs has known comparatively little of King George, and is now especially anxious to hear the talk of the men who know him well, and to learn both how his tastes in amusement are likely to develop, and what position he will take as a statesman among the rulers of Europe. The men who know King George best are the sailors with whom at one time or another he has served, and all of whom he has retained as friends. Their opinion of our new King is unanimously and enthusiastically favourable, and if proof were wanted of the stability of character of our new monarch it would be found in the fact that the men who knew him best are the men who are loudest in his praises. Quiet, consistent, strong, most loyal to his friends, level-headed, and British to the core—such a man it is that his intimates describe our gracious King to be. That the whole nation will soon learn that he is such a man I have no doubt.

**Newmarket and Cowes.** Shooting has been the King's favourite outdoor amusement, and no doubt will remain so; but it is not likely to interfere with other kingly pastimes. Newmarket has eagerly wished to learn whether the King would maintain King Edward's racing stable, for if the light of the King's favour had not fallen upon it, the headquarters of the Turf would soon have ceased to flourish. It is now officially stated that King George will retain both his father's racing stable and the breeding establishment at Sandringham—the first because he considers it the duty of a British King to encourage the chief of British sports, and the second because he is genuinely fond of horses. It is too early yet to speculate whether King George will fly the cross of St. George on a first-rate racing cutter at Cowes. In all these matters we have to remember that the purse of a Prince of Wales is not bottomless, but that a King of England is able to take his amusements in wider spheres than the heir to the throne can.

**What the Colonies Say.** Curiously enough, but naturally enough, the men of our great dominions over the seas have a

greater knowledge of our King as a statesman than we have, for in the long journeys King George made as his father's deputy it was his duty to exchange views and opinions with the men who hold the reins of government in all our Empires and Commonwealths and Dominions beyond the seas. Every Colonist I have met who

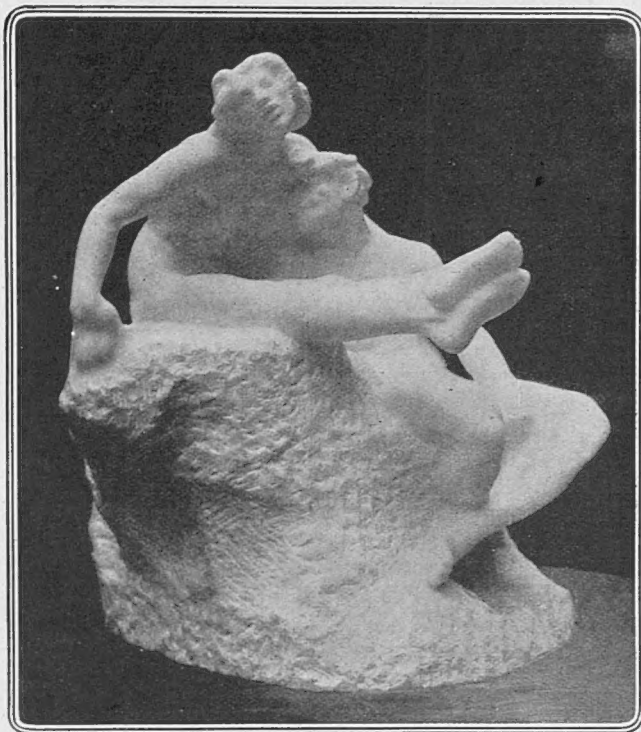
was brought into contact with King George during his journeys in Greater Britain has spoken of our King exactly as his comrades of the Navy have always spoken of him. "Thoroughly capable" sound commonplace words, but are really the highest praise that a Briton can give to a Briton, and that is the description that not one but a dozen prominent men of our Colonies have given me of our King.

**Egypt and the Cape.**

The British method of trusting implicitly the men who, having been our enemies, have become citizens of our Empire, when it is successful, is triumphantly successful; but sometimes we take our adversaries to be nobler in spirit than they really are. A proof of how successful this policy may be is to be found in the fact that General Botha, who ten years ago was in arms against us, under the tricolour of the Transvaal, is now the first Prime Minister of United South Africa. He began his life under the British flag in Natal, but the spirit of the old Doppers was strong in his parents, and they trekked away for the broader lands and the greater freedom of the Transvaal. General Botha has always, even in his farming days, been one of the most cultured amongst the Dutch in South Africa, and a British

General opposed to him in the field, and thinking that he had a mere farmer to encounter, was surprised to learn that the Dutch General was considered the best bridge-player in Pretoria. That

he will be a remarkable Prime Minister, and one who will make history in loyal South Africa, no man can doubt. The other side of the shield is shown in Egypt, where the head of the Mohammedan religion, the Mufti, refuses to give his consent to the execution of Wardani, the murderer of the Prime Minister, one of his reasons for discountenancing the execution of the criminal being that his victim was a Christian. The hands that were too weak to wield a sword against us in Egypt are strong enough to hold a dagger. The murderer will be executed, despite the Mufti's abstinence; but he will be counted a martyr by all religious Mohammedans in Egypt.



IN THE MANNER OF RODIN'S "PAGANISM IMMORTAL": A REMARKABLE SCULPTURE BY MRS. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY.

Two years ago, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney decided to try her hand at sculpture. This year she has had the satisfaction of seeing the work here illustrated in a prominent position at the New York Spring Exhibition.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.



TO MARRY Mlle. Lina Cavalieri, the famous opera-singer? Mr. Robert Winthrop Chandler, the well-known painter.

As we noted the other day under some portraits of Mlle. Cavalieri, it is reported that the famous singer and beauty is engaged to Mr. Robert W. Chandler, a great-grandson of Mr. William B. Astor.—[Photograph by G. G. Bain.]



# CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK



THE KAISER has been telling the German students not to drink so much beer. One by one all the landmarks of Teutonic scholarship are being swept away. Hans without his beer, his pipe, his long hair, and the sticking-plaster on his fat cheeks will be a really serious loss to literature and the drama.

Father Kearns, of Chicago, has started Cupid's dances in his church, in order to

encourage boys who are afraid that they cannot support a wife to get married. Doubtless the percentage of unhappy marriages will go up in salubrious Chicago.

Latest fashions. This year, horses' ears will stick through their matinée hats a quarter of an inch further than they did last season.

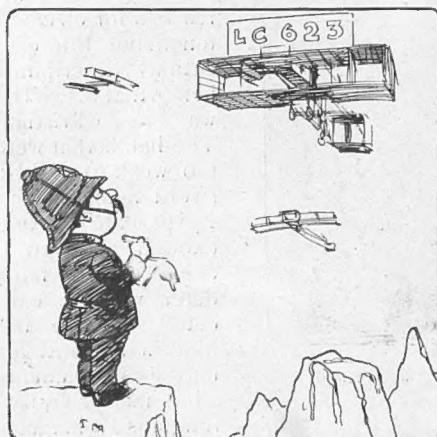
Happy week-ends for the nervous. Cross the Channel in an aeroplane.

## SKY SIGNS.

(The President of the International Conference on Aerial Navigation touched upon the expediency of requiring air-ships to carry certain outward marks for the purpose of identification.)

If you want to be a flapper of the very latest kind,  
And flap, like Grahame-White, about the sky,  
There's an International Conference you'll have to keep in mind,  
As it certainly will keep you in its eye.  
You must imitate a motor, and adorn your aeroplane  
With letters whose dimensions are tremendous,  
And likewise, if you ever wish to come to earth again,  
With figures that are equally stupendous.

When you're soaring like a skylark through the mysteries of space,  
And tracking Halley's Comet to its lair,  
Remember that below you some inspector's pallid face  
May be silently inquiring, "Are you there?"  
You have got to be identified, whatever else you are,  
And the only way that I can see to do it,  
Is to wear a badge and number rather bigger than a star,  
With a little plane of some sort hanging to it.



And, incidentally, the Conference proposes to prohibit the intentional landing of aeroplanes, except at specified spots. But, after all, it is the unintentional landings that give the most trouble.

In the floods caused by a thunderstorm, "two barrels of beer were borne along, but so threatening was the flood that no attempt was made to stop even these in their furious

career." The vivid touch of personal yearning contained in that "even" goes too deep for tears.

## WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

(A French astronomer declared that the passage of the Comet was the cause of the heavy rain; but another insisted that the Comet had nothing to do with the storm.)

### FIRST ASTRONOMER.

No one but a silly idiot  
Could commit so gross a blunder,  
As to fancy that the Comet  
Has an influence on thunder.

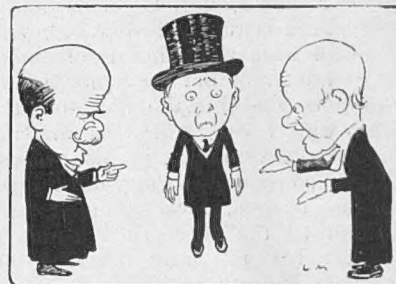
### SECOND ASTRONOMER.

No one but a hopeless looney  
Could enunciate the blether  
That the Comet's caudal friskings  
Have no bearing on the weather.

### THE PUBLIC.

When you've learned a little  
wisdom,  
We shall have you both  
confessing  
That these "scientific" state-  
ments  
Are unscientific guessing.

The dinner season is coming on. It is therefore consolatory to know from the Pure Food Exhibition that at hundreds of restaurants the oxtail-soup is made from ordinary glue. This course should not be eaten with a spoon, but with a brush.



Another item for the gourmet. Raspberry-jam is made of turnips, with beetroot to give it local colour, and sawdust for raspberry-seeds, to add the realistic touch. But why Pure Food?

The tooth of a mammoth has been found at Filey, in a pre-historic dentist's shop. As it measures twelve inches along the gum-line, stands eight inches high, and is over four inches thick, it must have had a toothache worth talking about.



A newspaper correspondent who signs himself "B. S." suggests that the education authorities should signalise the new reign by the abolition of home-work for children. It is too late. We have all left school.

Last words on the Comet. Sir Robert Ball said that if anyone were to swallow a million cubic miles of the

Comet's tail, it might be exceedingly disagreeable. And so it ought to be. Anyone so disgustingly greedy deserves a pain inside.

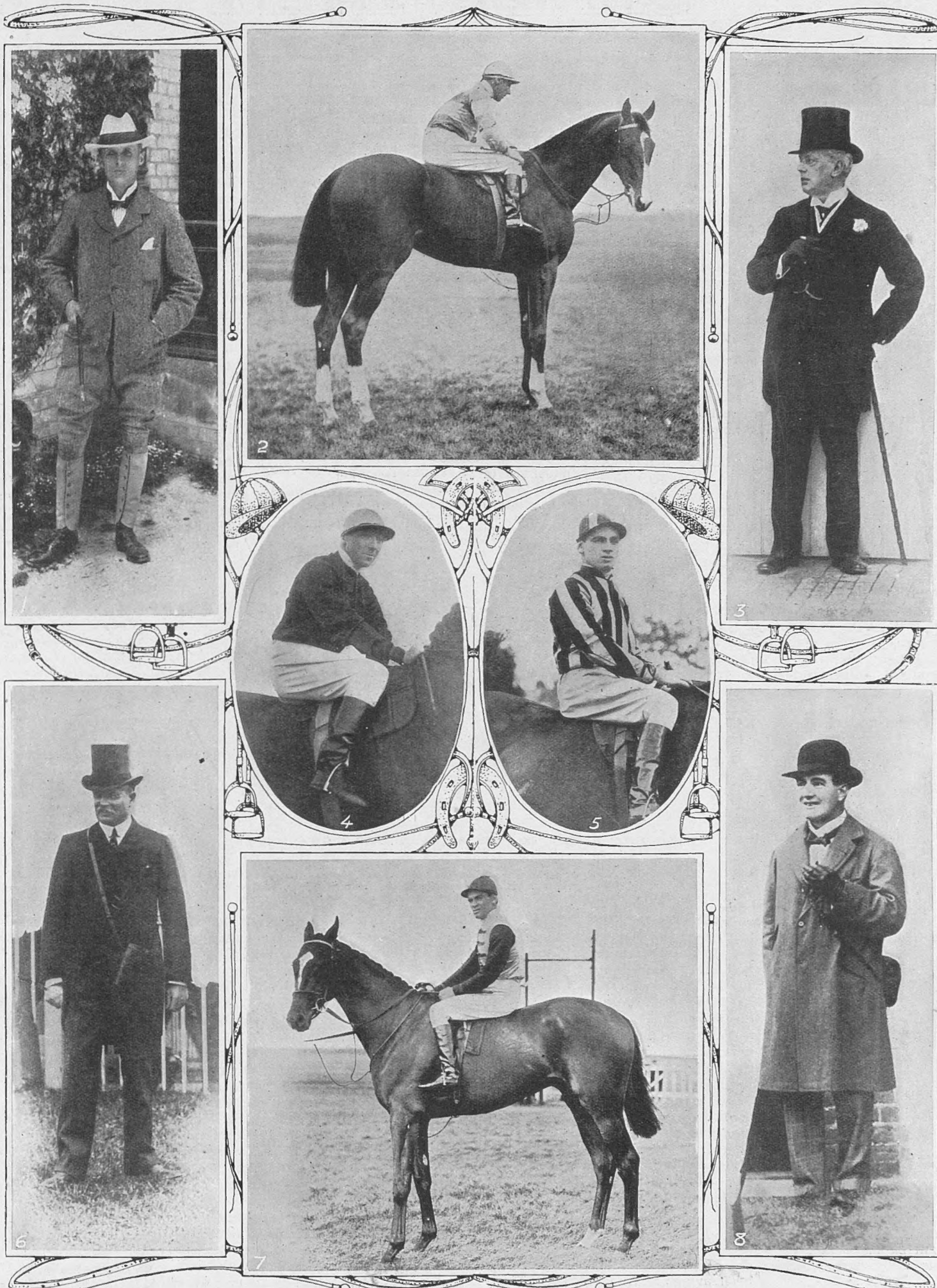
After all, the Turks were, as usual, the only sensible people. They got up on the roofs, and clapped their hands to frighten the Comet away. So now no more about Halley's Comet for the next seventy-six years.

Canon Masterman says that Londoners are not proud enough. Now, then, gentlemen, throw out your chests! No swank is needed, but only a little more side.





THE TWO CHIEF FAVOURITES FOR TO-DAY'S DERBY:  
THEIR OWNERS, TRAINERS, AND JOCKEYS.



1. THE TRAINER OF NEIL GOW: MR. PERCY PECK.
2. LORD ROSEBERY'S NEIL GOW.
3. THE OWNER OF NEIL GOW: LORD ROSEBERY.
4. THE RIDER OF NEIL GOW: D. MAHER.

5. THE RIDER OF LEMBERG: B. DILLON.
6. THE TRAINER OF LEMBERG: MR. ALEC TAYLOR.
7. MR. FAIRIE'S LEMBERG.
8. THE OWNER OF LEMBERG: MR. FAIRIE.

At the moment of writing, Neil Gow is first favourite for to-day's Derby; Lemberg, second favourite. While we are dealing with racing, it may just be recalled that the King is to maintain the racing and breeding studs bequeathed to him by King Edward—a decision that has given great satisfaction.

*Photographs by Sport and General.*



# SMALL TALK

THAT wise and genial man, the Right Hon. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, who has been in London during the past two weeks, is on his way to The Hague to take part in the peaceful conflicts of arbitration. The points at issue are between Canada and the

United States in regard to fishing rights—points as slippery as the fish that may or may not be caught o' Sundays, and may or may not be cured by American fishers on Canadian shores. Sir Charles is the Chief Justice and Deputy-Governor of the Dominion.

*Ladies of the Snows.* Sir Robert Finlay goes to The Hague on the same mission. And so, in a sense, does Lady Fitzpatrick, who is accompanied by her charming daughters. From Quebec they came to England and to France with divided affections, the result being that they

is reported to have sent word from Coventry of his good opinion of the Metropolis. Is this a Mastermanly conspiracy to please the Canon's new-born niece? As the daughter of the Member for West Ham, and of one whose energies, whether as a journalist in Fleet Street, as a Guardian of the Poor, or as a politician, have always been Metropolitan, the infant is destined to be a thorough Londoner. Her mother, whose father, Sir Neville Lyttelton, has spent most of his life in marching remote marches and parading distant parade-grounds, has become eagerly involved in all the London concerns of the young Under-Secretary of State.

*The Speaker's Son.* Mr. Christopher William Lowther, the son of the Speaker, is receiving a large sheaf of congratulations on his engagement to Miss Ina

THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF RANFURLY: LADY EILEEN KNOX.

Lady Eileen Knox was presented at Court last year. Her father was Governor of New Zealand, and her mother is the only child of Viscount Charlemont.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Pelly. If the worthy Canon, her father, sets aside all his own predilections, the claims of All Saints', Margaret Street, as the scene of the forthcoming ceremony, might be considered. It is one of several churches built by Mr. Lowther's maternal grandfather, the late Mr. Beresford Hope, who loved to see such edifices growing under the warrant of his munificence. It is the church in which Mlle. Genée becomes Mrs. Frank Isitt on the 11th, and she is a bride in whose footsteps anyone would perforce follow with a light tread.

*Name-Bearers and Name-Givers.* Herself the bearer of finely sound-

ing titles, the Countess of Cromartie—who is also Viscountess of Tarbat and Baroness of Castlehaven and MacLeod, all in her own right—is an authority on the romance of names. Most people who have reason to be satisfied with the aspect of their visiting-cards, whereon is spelt in copper-plate hand a sequence of pretty dignities, do not trouble about the worthies of fiction. But with Lady Cromartie it is otherwise. She revels in her characters' names, and her new book of Arabian tales is peopled with ladies and gentlemen known as Lightning of Battles, Hour of Hours, Magic of Eyelids, and so forth. For two years the Cromartie peerage was in abeyance, but was revived in favour of the present fair holder.

A FINE AMATEUR ACTRESS: COUNTESS FITZWILLIAM.

Countess Fitzwilliam, who is a keen sportswoman, is the wife of the Lord Mayor of Sheffield, one of the wealthiest noblemen in the North. She is the daughter of the Marquess of Zetland, M. F. H. Her husband is Master of two packs of Foxhounds and one of Harriers.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



ONLY CHILD OF SIR ERNEST CASSEL: MRS. WILFRID ASHLEY.

Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley has had a relapse after partial recovery from a serious illness. She has two little daughters; the elder was a godchild of the late King.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

have bought hats in Paris, and stayed for the most part in London. But they have also searched the galleries, and wandered in the gardens, of Italy, and when, after being prisoners of peace for some weeks in The Hague, they return to Canada, they will have made the Grand Tour in very thorough style. Lady Fitzpatrick is the daughter of the Hon. R. E. Caron, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec

*Men or Monsters.* Mr. Henry Chaplin,

whose nephew, Mr. Vere Chaplin, is to marry Miss Margaret Fenwick at Abbotsford next week, has arrived home from Egypt. He has also arrived on the walls of the Suffolk Street Gallery, looking, in a caricature by Mr. Max Beerbohm, the size of

one of the Pyramids he left behind him. Lord Desborough is hardly less elephantine on another sheet. One wonders how the Niagara Rapids survived the buffeting he must have administered to them when he swam across. These are monstrous likenesses, monstrously like; but Max's drawing of Mr. Cunninghame-Graham is unrecognisable.

*The Londoners.* Professor Masterman has been saying nice things of London. He would have us believe that its atmosphere is of the best—the champagne among atmospheres. True, if it is not "extra dry," it is at least smoked. And now Canon Masterman



DAUGHTER OF A FAMOUS SOLDIER: MISS OLIPHANT.

Miss Oliphant is the daughter of General Sir Laurence and the Hon. Lady Oliphant, and is a cousin of Lord Gerard, also of Lady Gerard.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]



THE OVERSE.



THE REVERSE.

DESIGNED FOR A GREAT EXPLORER BY THE WIFE OF A GREAT EXPLORER: THE MEDAL PRESENTED TO COMMANDER PEARY BY THE R.G.S.

Appropriately enough, the medal presented to Commander Peary by the Royal Geographical Society was designed by Mrs. Scott, wife of Captain Robert F. Scott, the famous Antarctic explorer. Mrs. Scott, who is well known as a sculptor, was Miss Kathleen Bruce.



WIFE OF THE GREAT EXPONENT OF "WIRELESS": THE HON. MRS. MARCONI.

Mrs. Marconi, who has just presented the Chevalier with a son and heir, is the daughter of an ancient Irish house, one of the very few at present in the Peerage of Ireland. She is a half-sister of Lord Inchiquin, and is descended from King Brian Boru, who reigned in 1002.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



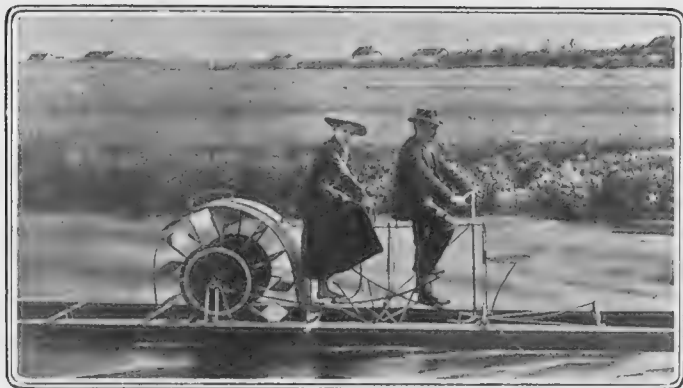
DAUGHTER OF A KING OF MUSICAL COMEDY: MISS EDWARDES.

Miss Edwardes, daughter of the famous theatrical manager, has her father's sporting instincts. Her cousin is, it will be remembered, the wife of Lord Herbert Scott, fourth surviving son of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



✦   ✦   OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!   ✦   ✦



**A TWO-MAN-POWER PADDLE-BOAT: AN INGENUOUS CRAFT FOR TWO.**  
This boat is the invention of a Danish engineer, and, as may be noted, is constructed to carry two people, who drive it forward by means of pedals that turn paddles.—[*Photograph by Ch. Delius.*]



**WHEELING A BARREL ROUND THE WORLD FOR 300,000 FRANCS.**  
The two Italians here shown are pushing a barrel round the world for a bet of 150,000 francs a-piece. They started from Venice in June of last year. It is expected that their journey will take twelve years.—[*Photograph by Ch. Trampus.*]



**THE TUBE "TREW": PARIS SEES IN THE COSTUME OF THE CHINESE LADY A RESEMBLANCE TO THE COSTUME OF HER OWN FASHIONABLE DAUGHTERS.**

One of the French papers publishes this illustration in an endeavour to prove its assertion that the Paris fashions influence the fashions of the world. They point out that the drawing shows that the trousers worn by the ladies of the Celestial Empire are noticeably narrower than they used to be, and from this they argue that the tube frock has led to the adoption of the tube "trew." The next step, they say, will be divided skirts; the next, the ordinary European skirt.—[*Photograph by General Illustrations Agency.*]



**THE "UNCONQUERABLE" CONQUERED: A WARSHIP REDUCED TO A SHELL BY SHIP-BREAKERS.**

Our photograph shows all that remains of the "Unconquerable." When the boilers have been removed little will be left but a shell. This, too, the ship-breakers will speedily demolish.—[*Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.*]



**NOT A POULTRY FARM: GREAT HAILSTONES THAT FELL IN CALCUTTA IN APRIL LAST.**

The first severe storm in Calcutta since 1870 swept over the city last April. The hailstones varied from five to six inches in circumference; the diameter of each stone was about three and a quarter inches.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]



# CROWNS, CORONETS, COURTIER

OF the untiring care and thoughtfulness of the late King for his friends, and particularly the friends who were his guests, instances are multiplied unendingly. In none, perhaps, that has been published has his attention to the comfort of others been more conclusively illustrated than in the record of a certain domestic detail—so essentially a detail, and domestic, that it naturally eluded the printer during the King's life-time. When visitors to Sandringham, in old days, filled their basins they never found the water tepid. Why? The Prince, as he was then, would, in passing down a corridor, test each jug with his own hand. Nothing is more dismal than lukewarm welcomes and ablutions, and if a chilly jug was found, a servant, and ultimately the guests' hands, would get into hot water. The only thing that ever threatened King Edward's consideration for the comfort of his guests was his love of a practical joke. The story of the falling tub is already familiar; but a much milder form of light-hearted waywardness is recorded in a forgotten volume of letters, in which is described a visit to Sandringham. We read: "There is one curious custom. The Prince himself weighs everyone. Some of the ladies protested; but it was of no use, the Prince insisted. One young lady weighed more than her father, and was much mortified."

*The Confessions of a Queen.* When, a few years after her marriage, Queen Alexandra made the full list of her "Preferences" in one of the Confession Books

popular at the time, she named "Home" as her favourite locality. Home, as she has but now admitted, is England, whatever it may have been forty years ago. Even then Queen Alexandra was, to all intents and purposes, an Englishwoman, with the tastes of an English-

woman. With Wellington as her "favourite hero," Byron her poet, Sir Joshua Reynolds her painter, Dickens her novelist, and the rose as the flower of her choice, she was already quite at home out of Denmark.

## Making Difficulties.

It is suggested that "a good deal of vexation has been caused to the parties most concerned" by the report

published in several papers of a house-party held at Hackwood Park shortly after King Edward's death. It is difficult to see why. When Lord Curzon invites a number of people, whose whereabouts are constantly reported in the Press—in most cases as a convenience to themselves and to their friends—to stay with him, there is no reason why the editor of the *Morning Post*, or any other editor, should suddenly be called upon to use his blue pencil. Nobody supposes that there were high jinks at Hackwood Park, in defiance of the dictates of mourning and good taste. Friends can meet together in sadness as well as in mirth. As a matter of fact, some of Lord Curzon's intended guests were obliged to desert him at the last moment.

Mr. Arthur Lee Roosevelt has, of course, had no scruples about suitably entertaining his illustrious guest in Chesterfield

Street. The business of life, as King George has been so punctilious in showing, must still go forward in a variety of forms, and the business of life includes a proper observance of courtesies between the representatives of nations. Mr. Arthur Lee is an ideal host under any circumstances; as Mr. Roosevelt's he has been pre-eminently successful. The luncheon of big-game hunters, to attend which Lord Warwick paid a flying visit from Warwick Castle, was an occasion hardly to be matched in the annals of luncheons or of sport. One of the guests tried to tot up the number of lions that had died at the hands of the party, but he gave up the attempt. Mr. Lee is, of course, an old friend of Mr. Roosevelt's, and having known the usages of the White House, has been able to turn 10, Chesterfield Street into an ex-President's miniature Court.

## Chelsea Figures.

Mr. Jacob Hood's engagement is exciting Tite Street—but quite soberly.

A painter of pictures (with two in the present Academy), he has made his studio in Chelsea a rendezvous not only for artists but for the people whom artists paint, or who buy the pictures they paint, or who write the books they illustrate, or who do any of the things that help to tie together the long and short ends of Art and Life. He is to marry Miss Rita de Hochepeid Larpent, a daughter of Baron de Hochepeid.



THE WIFE OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN WASHINGTON: MRS. BRYCE.

Mrs. Bryce, wife of the Right Hon. James Bryce, British Ambassador in Washington, is a lady eminently suited to her position. She was Miss Ashton, daughter of Mr. Thomas Ashton, of Fordbank, Didsbury, Manchester.

Photograph by Walter Barnett.



CONSORT OF THE RULER OF A GREAT COUNTRY: THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.

The Queen of the Belgians, a highly accomplished and charming lady, is the third daughter of Duke Charles of Bavaria, the second child by his second wife, who is an Infanta of Portugal.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



THE NEW EARL OF STAMFORD AND HIS SISTER, LADY JANE GREY.

The new Earl of Stamford will complete his fourteenth year in October. His sister, who bears the historic name of Lady Jane Grey, held by her amiable and unhappy ancestress, who for a few days was made to usurp the trappings of royalty, will be eleven in August.—[Photograph by Speaight.]



THE HON. MRS. STUART ANDERSON. The Hon. Mrs. Stuart Anderson, daughter of Lord and Lady Hothfield, is a talented singer and amateur actress. She is the wife of Mr. Stuart Gordon Anderson, youngest son of the late Colonel James Anderson.

Photograph by Corbett.



THE PRINCESS BLÜCHER.

Princess Blücher, who was Wanda Princess Radziwill, is well known in London Society. She is the third wife of Prince Blücher von Wahlstatt. The Prince was born in 1836. The Princess is well on the sunny side of forty. She has two daughters and a son

Photograph by Thomson



## THE MOST IMPORTANT BABY IN HOLLAND:

THE LITTLE HEIR TO THE THRONE OF THE NETHERLANDS.



PRINCESS JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS, WITH HER MOTHER, QUEEN WILHELMINA,  
AND HER FATHER, PRINCE HENRY.

It will be recalled that the little Princess was born at The Hague on the 30th of April of last year. She was christened Juliana Louise Emma Marie Wilhelmina. She is heir to the throne; but should her mother give birth to a son she would lose her position.

*Photographs by Guy de Coral.*



# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

**A Startling Play.** The Stage Society, in producing Ludwig Thoma's "Moral" (translated into "Champions of Morality"), did one of those things which give importance to its existence. The play is very frank in its half-serious, half-comic treatment of a matter ordinarily the subject of objectionable farce; but it illustrates well the meaning of the maxim that in these matters treatment is everything. The treatment of this very Gallic story of the pompous hypocrites who formed a vigilance society to check the very practices of which they were themselves

guilty is largely farcical; yet in it is pure comedy of a very high standard. Mankind, or rather wealthy and aristocratic mankind, has a very bad time in the light of Herr Thoma's analysis. His weapon is farce, and though he secures much laughter, it is not laughter only at which he aims.

**The Acting.** The play was excellently translated by Messrs. H. A. Hertz and Frederick Whelen, and admirably acted. The most remarkable performance was that of Mr. Clifton Alderson, the Liberal-Conservative candidate for the Reichstag, the President of the Vigilance Society, and the gentleman whose name appeared most frequently in the compromising diary captured by the police. Mrs. Theodore Wright, too, was in her element

as a common-sense old lady who had no mercy for hypocrites; and there were very able studies of character by Miss Sarah Brooke, Mr. James Hearn, Mr. Leon M. Lion, and Mr. Leonard Shepherd.

**"Fires of Fate."** You can have half a day with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle at the Adelphi if you like, beginning with our old friend "Fires of Fate" in the afternoon, for that work is now being played at matinées. Whether the piece quite fulfils the author's ambitious designs of writing a new form of morality play may be disputable, but it cannot be denied that he has produced a quite effective drama, belonging to what may be called the "stirring" type, which will please and even thrill most playgoers. It is excellently played at the Adelphi, where full value is given to the piece by a company that includes Messrs. Ben Webster, J. D. Beveridge, Michael Sherbrooke, Charles Maude and Bassett Roe, and Miss Agnes Thomas and Miss Ruth Bower.

**The Wiltshire Sicilians.** Mr. McEvoy's company of village players from Aldbourne has created some stir at the Coronet Theatre, which is not surprising. Critics have referred to our Sicilian visitors when talking about the work of these English peasants. Without making any formal comparison, I will say that the acting of the British rustics is in its way quite as remarkable and interesting as that of the gesticulative foreigners. The judgment passed on "The Village Wedding" by a non-

professional critic, whose opinion I always seek, was that "It's not half a bad show, but the people don't talk loud enough, the waits are too long, and the poaching act misses fire; still, the acting is surprisingly good, and the piece was fairly interesting." With much of this I agree; but probably by now the players talk loudly enough, and the waits are shorter, and it may even be that the needless third act has been removed; so what is left is that "the acting is surprisingly good" and that "the piece was fairly interesting." The players were wonderful in their lack of self-consciousness and their grasp of character. They really seemed to be the persons they represented, and they successfully brought the scent of beer across the footlights—I hasten to add that there were no humours of drunkenness in the play.

**The Case of Mr. McEvoy.** The piece was more than "fairly interesting" to me: it was a strong, true, if cruel picture of country life, neatly constructed, except so far as that poaching act was concerned. Probably the author felt that this was a *scène à faire*, and not suitable matter for mere narration; but it did not act, and a statement of the essential facts would have been sufficient. The position of the author puzzles me. Five full-blown plays from his pen have been presented in London, to say nothing of short works. Three of them were given by Miss Horniman. In these pieces he shows a wit, humour, power of character-drawing, knowledge of the stage, skill in construction, and capacity for invention which entitle him to be ranked among the first half-dozen of our dramatists. He is welcomed in Manchester, popular at the Repertory Theatre of Glasgow, and yet our London managers seem to leave him alone, and apparently prefer producing adaptations of foreign pieces or American dramas of little art-value and generally unsuccessful, to seeing whether a McEvoy comedy would not serve them. There may be an explanation with which I am unacquainted, for I know nothing personally of the dramatist or of his affairs. I should hardly recommend a manager, when considering the question, to visit the Coronet, since "The Village Wedding" clearly was written under special limitations, and though it possesses admirable qualities, gives no idea of the author's scope. It was designed for these village amateurs, and they play it better than it would be played by a picked company of London professionals.



GIVER OF A RECITAL AT THE ÆOLIAN HALL: M. GIOVANNI CHITI. M. Chiti, a young violinist of very considerable merit, gave a most successful violin recital at the Æolian Hall last week. It seems likely that his name will be very familiar in musical circles before long.



A NEW ZEALAND PRIMA-DONNA WHO IS APPEARING AT HIS MAJESTY'S: MISS NORA D'ARGEL. Miss D'Argel made a successful London début the other day at His Majesty's, as the doll Olympia, in the "Tales of Hoffmann." She is a soprano, and can reach to F in alt.



ON HER WAY TO HOME AND MATRIMONY: Mlle. ADELINE GENÉE "SNAPPED" WHILE JOURNEYING TO ENGLAND.

After her great triumphs in America, Mlle. Genée has come home to be married. The wedding will take place this month.—[Photograph by Fleet Agency.]



## FURIOUS AT NOT BEING THE EMBLEM OF THE UNITED STATES?



## AMERICAN BY ADOPTION ONLY: THE MONKEY-EATING EAGLE.

The monkey-eating eagle, of which we give an illustration, was discovered by Mr. J. Whitehead in the Philippines. It is described as the most powerful of all known birds of prey, and, as its name implies, monkeys form a part of its food. It carries the animals off, and eats them at its leisure. The skin of the particular bird shown and its skeleton are now to be seen side by side in the Natural History Museum.

Arrangement by "The Sketch"; photograph of the eagle by Charles F. L. Clarke; portraits of Mr. Roosevelt by Underwood and Underwood.



# GROWLS

By COSMO HAMILTON.

## From Cows to Culture.

I have the honour of being acquainted with a very charming and delightful woman, who, if she had not been suddenly attacked by the microbe of "culture," and had never come nearer London than Cornwall, would have been, perhaps, the most charming and delightful woman of our epoch. Designed by nature for laughter and the milking of cows, for all the simple country pursuits so exquisitely suited to the female, among which may be mentioned the upbringing of children, this dear, good lady came to London some years ago, and was put up for a ladies' club by a cunning and desperate acquaintance who was jealous of her whole-hearted love of life and contentment with her husband and her surroundings. This is a sad little story, and it has a moral. My friend, having remained in London for less than six months, lunched and dined in this awful club in Piccadilly, caught some, at any rate, of the catch-words of "culture," as it is called, and strenuously endeavoured to lower herself to the discontented level of her sister-members. From being a confirmed man-worshipper she did her best to believe in the theories of Suffragism. She even went so far as to don one or two of the appalling garments of Suffragism and go forth to indiscriminate halls and shout, "Down with Man!" I said that this was a sad story. Her husband, a man of world-renowned ability, began to discover that his clothes were not aired as usual, even when his wife had returned to Cornwall. He began to find that his hitherto charming meals, at which his intellectual conversation had been so greatly admired, were disturbed by argument. His opinions were flouted and his intelligence outraged by the utterance, apparently sincerely, of the shibboleths of the New Dogma. Home became a careless place; servants ran wild; meals developed into adventures; and the little woman, the born housewife, who had been brought into the world for no other purpose than to



THE PAIR BASKET! TWINS!  
Photograph by the Fleet Agency.

carry out the highest duties of womanhood—I mean the worship of her husband, the ordering of his food, and the regulation of his servants—was to be found wasting her time at her writing-table in the composition of articles on the New Dogma for a most Liberal newspaper and the compilation of lectures on subjects of which she knew nothing and ought to have known less.

## A Sad Story.

I said that this was a sad story, and one to which there is

this, although tragic, would not have been utterly hopeless if she could have been broken of the newly acquired habit of spending most of her time under the roof of that unspeakable place in Piccadilly where she rubbed shoulders with all undomesticated women who paid themselves out for not having been endowed with beauty by making themselves generally unpleasant all round. Daily she talked with the Anti-Vivisectionists, the Anti-Romanticists, the Anti-Homogenists, and the hundred and one anti this, that, and the others who were members of that bitter club simply because they did not play Bridge well enough to be asked to dinner with civilised people, and had not, poor souls, discovered Love. She, too, for a time became tainted with the insincerity of disappointment. She, too, wounded her well-wishers by repeating the half-chewed, poisonous theories of unintellectual women, and for a time covered up her natural charm with a caking of that unpleasantness which is inseparable from Suffragism. She, too, marched in heterogeneous procession under an absurd banner, and sought free advertisement and cheap notoriety at the railings of Cabinet Ministers and beneath the indifferent Victoria Tower.

## To the Rescue, Brother Men!

I said that this was a sad story, and one which had a moral. I now come to the very kernel of my point, the true reason of my growl, and I hope that you will already have seen that it is centred round those houses which call themselves women's clubs, every room of which is alive with the microbe

of dissension, discontent, disestablishment, and everything that goes to make life noisy, rowdy, and unfortunate. London and other great cities reek with institutions for the benefit of cannibals, dipsomaniacs, and other quite useless persons; but there is not one for the rescue of charming women from ladies' clubs. It is time that one was started. It is time that husbands and brothers and anti-misogynists formed themselves into a body to save the souls and brains of wives, sisters, and sweethearts from intellectual death, which is the inevitable end of membership of a ladies' club. It cannot be said offhand how many stories as tragic as this one might have been impossible if the danger of ladies' clubs had been recognised in time. Personally, I am of opinion that a charming and delightful woman ought to be saved to the nation and allowed to fall into Suffragism only by an oversight. It is horrible to think that this country is so free that the poison of "culture" can be had by all women without restriction by the payment of a yearly subscription to a ladies' club. Oh, brother men, let us ride to the rescue before it is too late!



THE WALKING HAMMOCK, A REMARKABLE STRUCTURE  
ON A CAMEL.

The supports resting on the camel's back hold a kind of hammock in which two or three Bedouin women and children can ride at a time. The sight is decidedly unusual, except far in the interior. The photograph was taken on the uplands east of the Jordan.—[Photograph by the American Colony, Jerusalem.]

a moral. She did not stop at article-writing and lecture-giving. She came to London to live permanently. She left the simple pleasures of cow-milking and butter-making for flat-life. Even



TRICK RIDING IN THE STREET, MISS THOMPSON  
AND HER REMARKABLE HORSE IN NEW YORK.  
Miss Thompson rides this horse in a circus and in the street. The beast, which is a four-year-old sorrel, knows many tricks, and obeys its mistress's every word. The photograph was taken outside the Metropolitan Theatre of Art in Central Park.—[Photograph by Bolak.]



## Am Tag! Die Deutschen Kommen!

INCIDENTS OF THE COMING GERMAN INVASION OF ENGLAND; BY HEATH ROBINSON.



### VI.—GERMAN SPIES IN THE GRÆCO-ROMAN GALLERIES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

So many authors have described in detail the invasion of England by Germany that Mr. Heath Robinson's patriotism has led him to make a thorough investigation of the subject, with some most remarkable results. He has already made five disclosures; the sixth is published this week.



## NOAH'S SMALL BASKET.



MINISTER: And how did Noah spend his time in the Ark?

SMALL BOY: Fushin'.

MINISTER: A vera reasonable suggestion, my laddie.

SMALL BOY (*guardedly*): But he wouldna catch muckle.

MINISTER (*surprised*): What makes ye think that?

SMALL BOY (*knowingly*): Because, ye see, he had only twa wir-r-ms.

DRAWN BY W. C. NICOLSON.

*What it Feels Like—*



1.—TO BECOME ENGAGED.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY TENNANT.





## MISS CECILIA LOFTUS, THE VOCAL PRODIGY.

IN every programme in which Miss Cecilia Loftus appears she must of necessity take leading place among the "Star Turns." Even were that position not accorded her by the management, it would inevitably be hers by the verdict of the public, which has an instinctive genius for appraising artistic excel-

lence. It is a curious fact that, much as has been written of Miss Loftus since she burst upon the world as the most wonderful mimic of her day, no consideration has been paid to her from the point of view of a vocal prodigy. This is the more remarkable, seeing that it is with her voice that Miss Loftus makes her great appeal to the public, although it is not the whole appeal, for behind the vocal resemblance there is also the subtle suggestion of the personality of the imitated.

Anyone capable of imitating the roundness and sweetness of Caruso's voice, which, like Mario's, "can soothe the souls in purgatory," the mellifluous cadences of Mr. Hay-

den Coffin, the flute-like soprano of Miss Florence Smithson, the somewhat raucous tones of Miss Marie Dressler, or the speaking voices of Sarah Bernhardt, Ethel Irving, and a score of other artists, men and women, must have a freakish voice. Nowhere, perhaps, has the freakishness of that voice been responsible for a more remarkable demonstration than at a private house in New York, where M. Berthelemy (the friend of Caruso and composer of some of his noted songs) and certain of the more popular operatic artists were present. At that time Miss Loftus had never "done" Caruso on the stage, and she was asked to sing. She turned to M. Berthelemy and asked him to play Caruso's famous song, "Triste Ritorno." He began the accompaniment in the soprano key. "No, no," said Miss Loftus, indicating the note, "play it down there." "But that is the key I play it in for Caruso," said M. Berthelemy. "That's the key you are going to play it in for Cecilia Loftus," she replied. He looked at her incredulously, and went on to play. Then Miss Loftus began imitating Caruso for the first time in public. The composer stopped in amazement and looked at her. "Go on," she said. He went on. She sang it to the end, and rolled out the great high C for all the world as if she were the veritable Caruso himself. When she had finished, there was a storm of applause. Everybody wanted to know how it was done. In their enthusiasm they even wanted to sound Miss Loftus's chest, to find out if there was any peculiar conformation which gave her her power. They insisted on an encore. As she came to the high note, M. Berthelemy stopped in amazement and cried, "Listen! it's coming!" It came. It came in a great, rich, full volume of sound, and roused that audience of connoisseurs as Caruso's high C never fails to rouse the general public.

The question those artists wanted to have answered the public is constantly asking, and their curiosity is similar to that manifested by the inquisitive child who cuts his drum open to see where the sound comes from. Happily, there is no need to perform a similar surgical operation on Miss Loftus to find out. Her method consists in doing consciously what was at first the result of an unconscious process. As a girl she used constantly to accompany her mother to the music-halls where the latter was appearing. There she would stand in the wings and watch the artists until their voices, their methods, and their mannerisms were photographed on her mind, although at the time she had no idea that her brain was, as it were, the sensitive-plate of a camera. One night she heard a girl imitating the people she had been watching. It was not a very good imitation. She saw exactly where the performer went wrong, and she knew, with the intuition of genius, that she could do better. She went home, sat down to the piano, and imitated the singers as well as she does now. In a week she had made her debut, and was at once acclaimed among the "star turns."

Now, when she wants to add a new artist to her repertoire she goes and watches him intently until she gets the voice right. How long it will take to do that it is impossible to say in advance. The time varies exactly as the exposure for a photograph varies. In some cases, as in that of Mme. Yvette Guilbert, two visits are necessary. In others, the time may spread over weeks, as with Miss Gertie Millar, or it may take even longer. When Miss Loftus once seizes the voice, everything else, like gesture and facial expression, comes unconsciously. If she fails to get the voice, it is useless to attempt the imitation. The constant need of study under the right conditions in the theatre explains how it is that she never imitates people she meets in the ordinary way, though they frequently say, "I suppose you will be taking me off as soon as my back's turned."

A curious fact in connection with the freakishness of Miss Loftus's voice is that although her own singing voice is mezzo-soprano, it is far easier for her to imitate a tenor than to sing soprano, as she cannot depend on the middle and upper registers in the same way as she can on the lower. After this, it is something of an apparent contradiction to say that, seeing how great is her success in reproducing a man's singing voice, she should find it exceedingly difficult to reproduce his speaking voice; but it is true, all the same.

As the incarnation of the power which Burns entreated for, "the giftie to see ourselves as ithers sees us," she has been told by all she has imitated that her skill is marvellous, and that she only fails in their particular case. This criticism is invariably accompanied with the offer to repeat her imitation, so that she may correct her mistakes, and she always gets what may be called the original's imitation of her imitation. In spite of the exercise of her marvellous gift, which brings her in an income a Cabinet Minister might envy, Miss Loftus is not satisfied. Her eyes are still turned to the "regular" stage, and her idea of happiness is to be playing a fine part in a fine play, in a London theatre, as a firmly established "star." This is the ambition she still hopes to see gratified some day.



NOT IN "THE ARCADIAN": MISS CECILIA LOFTUS IMITATING MR. ALFRED LESTER SINGING "I'VE GOTTER MOTTER," AT THE COLISEUM.

Photograph by Caswall Smith.



MIMIC EXTRAORDINARY TO THE COLISEUM: MISS CECILIA LOFTUS.

Miss Cecilia Loftus is appearing at the Coliseum again and giving a number of her remarkable imitations, including Mme. Réjane, Mme. Yvette Guilbert, Mme. Clara Butt, Miss Ethel Irving, Miss Ellaline Terriss, Miss Gertie Millar, Signor Caruso, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Alfred Lester, and Mr. Harry Lauder. [Photograph by Rita Martin.]

THE HALLEY — LUIGI COMET ?



SHE (*hopefully, and full of visions*): Oh, Horace! Aren't the comets lovely to-night?

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.





# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

MR. GORGONZOLA HAS THE TIME OF HIS LIFE.

By NINA BALMAINE.

Neptune Towers, Westgate-on-Sea.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—Of course you have read the correspondence in the papers about the sad plight of girls in the country. We are seventy miles from town, and goodness only knows how far from eligible men. My sisters (we are nine!) golf and tennis to pass the time, but I have tried hard work—a play. I had typewritten copies made to send to the leading managers, when I heard that they refuse plays right and left. One poor man had his dramas rejected for ten consecutive years. I don't think a really nice woman would stand that sort of treatment ten minutes.

I thought of inviting a few actor-managers down here to hear the play read and decide which of them it would suit best; but papa is an Ecclesiastical Commissioner, and does not approve of actors as guests.

Could you see a few managers for me without exciting jealousy—you have such marvellous tact? Or would you advise me to produce it myself? The play is called "The Sacred Antelope."—Very sincerely yours,  
GERTRUDE GARLINGE.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.

DEAR MISS GARLINGE,—I confess I do not see any thrilling connection between play-writing and husbands; but I am amazed at the blindness of men. It is common knowledge, however, that the prettiest girls are the last to wed. You may remember that the three Graces did not marry at all. I never met them.

I advise you to produce the play yourself. My friend Dick Gorgonzola will lend you a theatre. I will see him if you will send me "The Sacred Antelope." I presume it is a hunting drama, founded on Roosevelt's frolic in Africa. The Americans will feel awfully flattered. If Theodore is the hero there must be plenty of realism in the way of adventures and carnage. You ought to have a costume-drama actor for the rôle—one who would thunder defiance at the united fauna of the tropics.

I wish you could hire the Albert Hall, so that all the stalking and *coup-de-grâce* could be done in full view of the audience.

Command me in every way. I wish you all success.—Sincerely yours,  
JACK FORTESCUE.

Neptune Towers, Westgate-on-Sea.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—Why will you make ridiculous fun of everything? The Sacred Antelope is a beautiful girl! There is no hunting in the play except the shooting of a lion, and that is not done on the stage. You just hear an explosion, you know, and then the hero rushes on with the lion's skin. He doesn't boast idiotically about having killed it, but leaves the audience to infer that it is dead.

The hero is an African king in disguise, and falls in love with the daughter of a missionary who has been killed by the lion. Do you think a good actor will mind blacking his feet and going barefooted if I give him boots at the end? You see, every detail must be correct. I shall require a few wild animals in cages for local colour; they will not be shot at.

It is awfully sweet of you to find a theatre for me. I hope it is lofty, because there are camels and mountains and things which ought not to be cramped for space.

Do I advertise for my company in the daily papers, or shall I pick out a few of the best actors and actresses, and offer them parts in the play?—Very sincerely yours,  
GERTRUDE GARLINGE.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.

DEAR GORGONZOLA,—I have a tenant for your Minerva Theatre. Miss Gertrude Garlinge, a friend of mine, has been driven to play-writing to keep her mind from dwelling on husbands; she is so well off, there can be no other reason.

The play is called "The Sacred Antelope," and I have advised her to produce it herself. If a manager declined it she would have hysterics worse than Niobe.

Do you care to be bothered with the script? The action takes place in one of the golden-sandy spots of Africa, and arrangements must be made for the comfort of a flock of camels, a brindled hyena, and an illuminated leopard. This is only part of the menagerie element, but I don't suppose you will object if they put on half the jungle and a bit of the equator as well.

May I tell Miss Garlinge that she can have the Minerva? She is stunningly handsome, and has common-sense with it—two ingredients that do not necessarily go to the making of lovely woman nowadays.—Ever yours,  
JACK FORTESCUE.

The Flamingo Theatre, W.

DEAR FORTESCUE,—The stage seems to be at the mercy of every emotional maiden menaced with genteel destitution or cursed with ambition. When you have a lucid interval of modesty, just ask yourself how I shall benefit by a failure.

The only way to deal with you is to be brutally frank. Now, then, own up that there is some matrimonial buccaneering at the bottom of your seething anxiety for my welfare?

I hate offending a lady. The he-dramatist is quite enough for me; I am snubbing hundreds per week. He makes me sick the way he mounts a little jackass he calls "Genius" and matches himself against the flying Pegasus with Pinero up!

I swore a solemn and comprehensive oath some time ago to bar your lady friends in future. I never came across such women for making a mayonnaise of the Ten Commandments. You seem to possess a magnetic attraction for maidens who do their mourning in sac-coats and attar-of-roses. I think I am entitled to a rest; try your little game on someone else this time.—Yours to all eternity,  
DICK GORGONZOLA.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.

DEAR GORGONZOLA,—Your pungent experience of life keeps you always on the alert for deep-laid plots, so that a simple person like myself is apt to be misunderstood.

I had better let you see how "The Sacred Antelope" jumps.

The hero is an Ethiopian Socialist, in business as a king. A missionary and his daughter meander into his territory, and are promptly chased by an exasperated lion, which kills the parson. The hero happens along and shoots the beast, before it has time to start eating its *hors d'œuvre* of theology.

This imperial savage is hunting incognito, and wears no boots, and his clothes fit him intermittently—to put it mildly.

The second act takes us to this Johnnie's ancestral wigwam, which is as palatial as a moat minus the water. He leaves the girl with some loquacious sultanas, and returns in the rousing regalia of a king, with ostrich aigrette and linoleum shield. I tell you he is something that would stagger even Drury Lane for sumptuous barbarism. He treats her with such regal urbanity that she sagely surmises his object is bigamy. Before he can become precipitate an English shooting-party of both sexes arrives. You can guess the rest.

I have told Miss Garlinge to call upon you; be nice to her:—  
Ever yours,  
JACK FORTESCUE.

[Continued overleaf.]

## NOT TO BE DRAWN.



THE OFFICE-BOY (to persistent Lady Artist, who calls six times a week): The Editor's still engaged.

THE LADY ARTIST: Tell him it doesn't matter. I don't want to marry him.

THE OFFICE-BOY: I 'aven't the 'art to tell 'im that, Miss. He's 'ad several disappointments to-day. Try and look in again next year.



Neptune Towers, Westgate-on-Sea.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—I think Mr. Gorgonzola is a delightful man—so sensible and sympathetic. I don't know what I should have done without his help. He is afraid there will be some vexations with the company, and has engaged very competent understudies to safeguard matters.

I unfortunately selected married couples, naturally thinking they would act better together, but it seems to be quite the other way. I like the men; they are such cheery, good fellows. The women represent a phase of femininity with which I was totally unacquainted. They receive heaps of letters, and are always in a state of frantic excitement about motors or meals.

Producing a play is frightfully fatiguing; I feel exhausted already.—Very sincerely yours,  
GERTRUDE GARLINGE.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.

DEAR GORGONZOLA,—How is the *Scared Antelope* going at exercise? I hope she has not gone off her oats. You are such a secretive beggar one never knows what you are doing. But I forgot you are looking after Gertrude Garlinge. Lucky man! Even I could concentrate all my thoughts on a pretty woman for a considerable time without tiring.

I say, how do you think she will take the flippancies of the critics—those fiends whose pens, like Jonah's gourd, can wither a fair name in a night? If the play is a failure I shall feel remotely accessory to her misery.—Wake yourself up and write to, Yours for ever and ever,  
JACK FORTESCUE.

Neptune Towers, Westgate-on-Sea.

DEAR MR. GORGONZOLA,—My doctor says I am overstrained, and prescribes absolute rest. I am so sorry, because everything will fall upon your shoulders. I wonder if Mr. Fortescue would help us?

As I must not write letters, could you possibly come down here to discuss matters? You will be charmed with Westgate; it is far from the madding tripper and his madder "young lady"! It is all a garden fronting the sea, without any up-to-date improvements in the form of piers and dancing-halls, and I hope the powers that be will save it from such desecration. The holiday horrors leave our Eden-by-the-sea alone, for which we are truly grateful.

I shall be so glad to hear that you can come here. I have so many things to say.—Very sincerely yours,  
GERTRUDE GARLINGE.

The Flamingo Theatre, W.

DEAR MISS GARLINGE,—I am distressed to hear that you are suffering, and will come to Westgate with pleasure, if that will help you.

I think it would be a capital idea to ask Jack Fortescue to act as general manager for you. I only hope he will keep his exuberant spirits under control for once in his life.

The play will be a success. You must come up and respond to the call for the author.—Sincerely yours,  
DICK GORGONZOLA.

Viking Hotel, Westgate-on-Sea.

DEAR FORTESCUE,—I am taking a short rest cure here. Miss Garlinge wants to know if you will kindly act as general manager for her. I said you were just the man for the job, and so you are, old chap. You will also be doing me a good turn, for what with the worry of the Minerva and my own houses I was growing wrinkled and bald.

Miss Garlinge is a sensible girl, and a delightful change from the ordinary run of your womankind. Why she has not married passes my comprehension. I should have thought that the first look at her would have made a man dive down into his inclinations and come up with a proposal. What is the matter with the men—astigmatism or idiocy? The Misses Garlinge are all extremely pretty and accomplished, but there is not one of them engaged. Yet our sprigs of nobility simply tumble off their family trees to marry girls to whom they dare not introduce their sisters. I take it for granted that you will do what Miss Garlinge asks. You won't find the work hard; you can pass the time with badinage and big cigars.—Yours to all eternity,  
DICK GORGONZOLA.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.

GORGONZOLA MAVOURNEEN,—I mistrust your mellifluous manner, and fear your mind has become unhinged, for it is not your practice to pelt me with compliments.

I am installed at the theatre among the properties and the fine women. I get on with all except the hyena. The leopard is lovely, and purrs louder than a taxi when fed. The camels chew everlastingly, and sigh like over-laced ladies. They are so contented

that I fancy the scenery gives them the impression that the Pyramids are in the next street.

I cannot understand your selecting Westgate for a pick-me-up. The sunsets are ethereal, etc., but you are not a sunset man. Now it is my bounden duty as a pal to give you some tips in case you are entangled in any romantic foolishness.—First make sure that you are with the right girl—*then lose your head*.

Wire me when the fair unknown lisp the sacramental "Yes." I have never proposed myself, and don't know what happens when a girl accepts a fellow. Still, if words fail, you ought to be able to give her a decent idea of your transcendent bliss by pantomime.

If, however, she stammers "No-o-o-o" and springs up like a surprised gazelle, *ask her again*.—*Tout-à-vous*, sonnie,  
JACK FORTESCUE.

Viking Hotel, Westgate-on-Sea.

DEAR FORTESCUE,—Whoever stages the climate here must put brandy-and-soda in the air, for it has bucked me up better than a record box-office. I am having the time of my life.

I say, old man, *do* write letters one can read to Miss Garlinge; an adaptor of French farces couldn't make your blither fit for publication.

I don't follow the drift of your sunset sarcasm. I am intensely fond of Nature, and she is at her best here. The sun gets up at Broadstairs and comes over to Westgate for the day, and the lark is singing all the time. The sea, too, is always a delight to me; I never tire of watching it and wondering at its mystery. A rainbow spanned it yesterday; I never saw anything so lovely.

Miss Garlinge and I played golf this afternoon. We were both new to the game, and it was great fun.—Yours to all eternity,  
DICK GORGONZOLA.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.

DEAR GORGONZOLA,—When I feel inclined to investigate the motives which instigate the art of manslaughter I will spend a month by myself at a fishing village. There must be alcohol, at least, in the air of Thanet by the way you enthuse on the charms of Westgate.

To me the sea seems always the same. I don't believe it has varied by half a billow since the day its waves were wreathed and arched for Neptune's nuptials. And do you mind telling me what is the good of a lark, even at its larkiest, when you have to rick your neck trying to see it? That bird is the most overrated bit of poultry in the universe; roast duck and olives, pursued by dry champagne, beats it hollow.

Anyone would imagine you had discovered sunsets and rainbows. My dear chap, exhaustive art criticisms were written on those scenic marvels by Shem. I admit that he did not live at Westgate.

As for golf, apart from the stimulus a nice girl gives to everything in which she takes a hand, I defy you to derive hilarious glee from banging an antibilious pill all over the place.

How can I be serious with a man whose letters are so deadly funny? You write as if you were courting suspicion or a woman!

"The Sacred Antelope" is rollicking along in grand style, and will be quite fit to show her paces to the public next Saturday. Is the fair dramatist coming up to take her call? I'll have salts and salvolatile laid on, and hire a faint-specialist to hover in the wings!—Ever yours,  
JACK FORTESCUE.

Neptune Towers, Westgate-on-Sea.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—I feel too nervous to come up. I could not face the audience, even with your support. I have heard that some famous dramatists run up and down the Thames Embankment with newspaper interviewers on the first night of a play. I should be afraid the journalist would print my sensations and everything I said, and that would be horrid.

I shall be dreadfully anxious to hear the verdict. Please send me a telegram, but do not joke, or I shall not know what to believe.

Mr. Gorgonzola is extremely sympathetic and optimistic. We are going to read your message together.—Very sincerely yours,  
GERTRUDE GARLINGE.

#### TELEGRAMS.

JACK FORTESCUE to MISS GARLINGE—

I heartily congratulate you on a great success. Applause unanimous and enthusiastically supplemented by the animals.

GERTRUDE GARLINGE and DICK GORGONZOLA to JACK FORTESCUE—

Delighted; but we have a greater success here: we are engaged to be married.

JACK FORTESCUE to DICK GORGONZOLA—

The truth will out, even in an engagement. I shall take to golf and sunsets myself after this.

THE END.

# THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN

AT the time of writing the season's sporting prospects are distinctly promising. The even succession of sun and shower, so noticeable in the closing days of May, has spread the cover in all directions; and while the young pheasants are already hatched, and in many parts already on the wing, the partridges are sitting on full clutches in ample security. In the district of which I write pheasants have done so well that the demands of the keepers for chickens' eggs have availed to put up the local prices, and at many of the farms all the eggs are set aside for the keeper's weekly call. If the elements will but be favourable for another few weeks we should have a splendid autumn harvest for the guns. The critical time will come when the young partridges are hatched out. Of old time drought and heavy rain were alike fatal to the partridge chicks, but the former affliction is of small account to-day. The keeper who is alert and intelligent knows where the most of his nests are situated, and by the intelligent use of shallow dishes, which are filled daily with water, he can keep his coverts intact during the trying days when the little ones are unable to help themselves. Last year's rains were so heavy that all the springs are active, and will so remain for many months to come. The keeper fears nothing to-day save rain and foxes. Vixens have done rather more than their duty this year; within a mile of my home I know of seven litters, while in the same area last year I heard of no more than two. The other day I paid a visit to one of the earths within a couple of hundred yards of my own boundaries, and saw a sight that would have justified a gamekeeper in feeling distinctly vexed. There were the remains of two rabbits, which never will be missed, and of partridges and pheasants too. At least three hen pheasants had been torn to pieces quite recently, and these had probably been taken off their nests. I used to believe that the hen pheasant, whose dull plumage is so eminently protective, could withhold her scent in nesting-time, this belief having been enforced by hunting-men and keepers of experience; but facts are more conclusive than theories, and I believe to-day that a hungry vixen can find anything and will spare nothing.

The presence of several litters of cubs in the immediate neighbourhood of a game preserve must be a severe strain on the loyalty of the keeper whose master does not hunt, and there can be no doubt that many cubs come to an untimely end. The list of casualties would be still greater if the followers of the hunt did not follow the good custom of "summering" their country. Several of my friends make it their business to know the precise location of every litter. They pay a small fee to the man, woman, or child who brings the earliest news of it; they interview the farmer on whose land the earth is found; and if there is a preserve in the immediate

neighbourhood, they interview the owner, or, in his absence, the head-keeper. A few tips judiciously distributed to underlings, a promise to be personally responsible for compensation, and a few civil words here and there will work wonders; and when we remember the amount of sport that a good fox will provide, it seems unreasonable to disturb a litter for the sake of a few pheasants. If you turn to the columns of the sporting journals, you will find firms offering to supply up to a quarter of a million pheasants' eggs in the season, or to furnish up to two or three thousand a day. It is no difficult matter to keep foxes away from the pens in which the pheasants are hatched out or from the ground over which the chicks run for the first few weeks of their brief existence, in full view of an anxious foster-mother. The trying time comes when birds, still too young to roost in the trees, are transferred to the woodlands; but the keepers have learned to meet the difficulties. They pass the nights

patrolling the woods and blowing horns, which, while they do not disturb the sleeping birds, seem quite effective in keeping the fox at a distance. Reynard finds it much easier to raid the land of the people who forget to shut their poultry up at night, and there is no reason to believe that a full-grown fowl is not even more acceptable than the half-grown pheasant, which consists chiefly of feathers. Doubtless the claims made upon the hunt do not represent the damage done in a community of hunting-men,

for you will travel far to find the farmer who is at once a keen hunting-man and a ready applicant for the doles of the hunt's compensation committee. Only a week ago, I heard a farmer who rides straight to hounds declare, and not for the first time, that he would rather lose a score of birds than claim for a couple. He did not fail to add a significant remark—"I don't say this in front of my wife. She looks after the poultry-yard, and grumbles if things are taken." Herein lies a useful suggestion for harassed committees; let them placate the wives of farmers and farm-labourers.

Some weeks ago I asked an old gamekeeper to bring me a hedgehog or two, for they are amusing pets, and soon become accustomed to the indoor life. He promised to do so, but when I met him on his rounds a few days ago he had failed to redeem his pledge. I reminded him of it, and he excused himself in an odd fashion. "To tell you the truth, Sir, I've taken a score or more, but they're that mischievous I didn't feel it right to spare them!" Just now there are rats and voles without number on the land, but the keepers have been so intent upon exterminating weasels that they have quite overlooked the service that the weasel renders by keeping field-voles and brown rats within reasonable limits.

MARK OVER.



THE INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION FOR FISHERMEN IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE: THE TARGET AND THE MEASURE, FOR DETERMINING THE ACCURACY OF THE CAST AND ITS LENGTH.





By HENRY LEACH.

**The Champion Class.**

Any really nice old lady of the homely kind—one of the class who once said that Braid and Vardon holed the long putts just for the sake of the applause—who happened to be at Hoylake at the time these lines are presented to my following would almost certainly observe, "Dear me! I did not know there were so many golfers!" and then, in a way of question, she would add, "Now, I wonder where all these young men come from?" (But not all of them so very young, Ma'am.) Because at Hoylake, at the time indicated, the Amateur Championship tournament, premier competition of its kind of the year, is just getting to its best and most exciting and important part. On the Wednesday morning of this week, the number of competitors will have been reduced to thirty-two, and the final match between the last two survivors will be played on Friday. There were getting on for two hundred of them to start with, and, seeing what an enormous amount of time and practice are needed to cultivate a man's game to something near the championship standard, and, again, that a week is wanted for this tournament at a time in the year that does not belong to the holiday season, it is certainly a point of interest, as suggested by our lady friend, as to where these players come from, and what they are doing when they are not playing golf. Two things may be said in a general way at the beginning, one being that more of the players belong to England and the busy town centres thereof than used to be the case; and the other that, despite certain facts which suggest the contrary, these good players commonly have other occupations, professions, or businesses, to which they devote themselves exceedingly.

**Where They Come From.**

A little while since I caused myself to make an examination of certain lists of entries to leading amateur competitions, and also of the men on the lists of members of certain clubs of the very front rank who were "scratch or better," and it was found that, in so far as particular occupations were concerned, it was almost a dead-heat for first place between the Stock Exchange and the Law—the former just having it—although the figures of neither were in any substantial proportion to the whole, so many different classes being represented. The Army came third on the list. Of course if you could make one class of "business or trade," without distinction as to the kind of commerce that was engaged in, that class would win easily, and second to them would be the "do nothing" brigade. The secretaries of golf clubs also make up a strong section, but it hardly seems fair to consider them in relation to others.



ON AN INLAND "SEASIDE" GOLF COURSE: PLAYING OUT OF THE BIG SANDHILL AT SANDY LODGE GOLF CLUB, NORTHWOOD.

Photograph by Sport and General.

At Hoylake this year the Stock Exchange people are probably fewer than usual, in consequence of the good times they are having in the City. Mr. Sydney Fry and Mr. Robert Harris are generally regarded as the leaders in this section. If the championship were decided in September instead of now, the Law would probably send more candidates, the Courts having then risen and freed a number of barristers who, some would say, are a trifle better on the tee than they are before the Judge; and also a larger number of solicitors, who do not feel safe to go away until the Judges have risen for the vacation. Chief, perhaps, among those who are generally in the lists are the wonderful and, as we might say, permanent Mr. Leslie Balfour Melville (who played a whole day without losing a hole in either of his rounds the last time the championship was decided at Hoylake), who is an Edinburgh lawyer, and Mr. H. E. Taylor and Mr. Vivian Pollock, these two being solicitors. There are usually a few doctors, the most prominent being Dr. P. W. Leathart, who practises in South London, and Dr. F. H. Scroggie, not forgetting that the hospitals occasionally send forward some good men, such as H. D. Gillies.

**The Army.**

But we were saying that the Army was third in the race, and it is really surprising what a number of Captains and Majors, and sometimes a Colonel or two, enter for the championship. Golf has been described as a soldier's game; and of all the men who have professions to attend to, probably the soldiers do most golf, and, being strong and athletic, with keen sporting instincts, they get on well at it. It is really a mystery to me

as to why the Army is not more forward in the amateur championship than it is. However, though he is no more, it gave us one of the very greatest, and certainly the most popular, of amateur champions in the late F. G. Tait; and at last there is another amateur star of the first magnitude in Captain C. K. Hutchison; while Mr. Guy Campbell, one of the best of the young Scots, who recently won the spring medal at St. Andrews, is in the 60th Rifles. Scottish bank clerks, of whom Mr. James Robb, an ex-champion, who is in a bank at Ayr, is the leader, make a strong section; and the schoolmasters would make another, if they were not so tied with their teaching at this time of the year. Clergymen are keen golfers, but somehow they do not seem to get on well at the game, and in recent times there has only been one of them who has aspired to championship honours, and that is the Rev. P. Gannon. Of the merchant class pure and simple, Mr. E. A. Lassen, the champion of 1908, who is "in wool" at Bradford, is probably the foremost man.



THE BRAMSHOT PROFESSIONAL TOURNAMENT: EDWARD RAY, OF GANTON, WINNER OF THE 36-HOLE STROKE COMPETITION, RECEIVING HIS CUP.

It seems that Edward Ray is likely to take a prominent place during the play for the Open Championship, that is to be decided at St. Andrews this month. The other day he won the 36-hole stroke competition held under the auspices of the Bramshot Club, at Fleet. His total for the morning round was 73; that for the afternoon round 70.

Photograph by Sport and General.

# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

## An Accessible Carburetter.

Accessibility of all and every part of the mechanical economy of a motor-car, which may at some time or other require adjustment or repair, is an imperative feature of the modern self-propelled road vehicle. And in no part is accessibility more desirable than in the case of the carburetter. Now, curiously enough, carburetters are something neglected in this respect, for the job of dismounting them will often be found to take time and tax the patience. Fully recognising all this, Mr. E. W. Lewis, the well-known automobile engineer of Coventry, who has already been guilty of many ingenious devices, has produced a carburetter in which accessibility is reduced to its least common multiple. In this carburetter, which is of the twin-jet variety, the jet-chamber is made in two vertical halves, the jets, with their petrol-leads, being contained in the outer half, which is carried on a swivelling-arm cast on the float-feed-chamber, and which can be swung radially outwards, bringing the jets with it, and presenting them in a most facile position for cleansing, removal, or adjustment. It is quite the most novel and ingenious thing of the kind I have yet seen, and robs the carburetter of all its terrors for the motoring novice.

## Lingual Enrichments?

nection with aeroplanes, and, of course, taken from the French. At one time it looked as though we should enjoy a similarly questionable advantage in connection with motoring; but the purely engineering instincts of the British people were too much for "foreign gibberish," and only the two words "garage" and "chassis" have stuck. Touching the former, I recall an emphatic protest against the use of this imported word by Sir John Macdonald, who in the columns of the Press pleaded earnestly for the use of the word "carage" in its stead. But so obsessed were our leading motorists at that time with all things French that the Grand Old Man-Scotch entreated in vain. I do not quite see what word we could have used to convey the exact meaning of the word "chassis," which comprehends the frame, and all that thereon is attached and connected with the propulsion of the car.

## Plain English Wanted.

But in connection with aviation we shall be, verbally, much more Frenchified. Already such words as "fusilage," "ailerons," "empennage," "stabilisateur," are used by the pedants of the aviatory Press, though I feel sure the ordinary public have but the faintest notion of the meaning of the three first named. Aviation has no Sir John Macdonald to make protest, but it does seem to me that some comprehensible English equivalents might be found for general use. "Empennage" is particularly bewildering. It has

only just come into use in the English flying Press, and I am bound to say that I do not grasp its exact meaning. Surely our own language is rich enough in technical terms to avoid the necessity of borrowing weird expressions from a nation whose engineering expressions are of the weirdest.



BEING TAKEN ABOARD A CHINESE KOTA; A 15-H.P. NOISELESS NAPIER ARRIVING AT JOHORE BAHRU ON ITS WAY TO MALACCA.

Photograph by C. F. Wearn.

up to the 24th inst. he had not scored even third honours for this country.

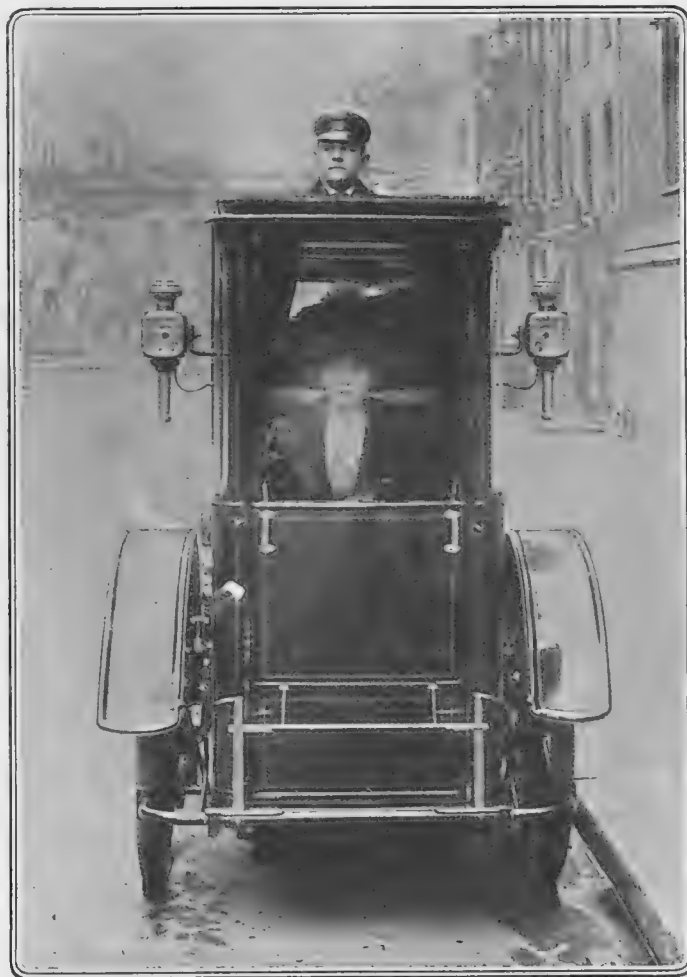
## Lest We Forget!

It is to be hoped that our native fliers are not losing sight of the generous prize of £4000 offered by Baron de Forest to the first British aeroplaneist who flies the Channel on a British-built machine. While the Hon. C. S.

Rolls uses an English plane, it is, unfortunately, propelled by a French engine, so that, should he be successful in crossing the Channel before these lines see the light, his feat will not entitle him to claim this handsome sum of money. And yet one would think the four or six cylinder N.E.C. engine would be good enough for the job, having regard to the high opinion in which it is held by Mr. Charles Lane and Messrs. Denny Brothers, of Dumbarton.

**Speed at Saltburn.** The Trade and others notwithstanding, it would appear that we are to have some cakes and ale in the shape of motor-racing elsewhere than at Brooklands during the present season. The Yorkshire Automobile Club, with all that tykish tenacity of purpose characteristic of the Yorkshireman, have uttered their programme for the Saltburn Sands Speed Trials on June 25. The dozen events which are coloured upon the card will be decided upon the fine, hard, broad stretch of sand lying between Saltburn and Marske. Every class of car is catered for, and nowhere better could the amateur driver who fancies the speed of his own car in its class try out its paces with the chance of annexing a respectable memento of the event. The rating formula to be used will be as follows:  $\frac{1}{2} D \times (D - 1) \times (R + 2) \times N$  where D equals the diameter of cylinder in inches,  $R = \frac{S}{D}$ , being the ratio of stroke and bore, and N = the number of cylinders.

[Continued on a later page]



A MOTOR "SEDAN-CHAIR": A REMARKABLE CAR THAT COST 7000 DOLLARS.

This curious car, which, it may be noted, has a body that suggests the sedan-chair of old, is the only construction of its kind in the world. It was built at a cost of 7000 dollars. It will turn in a four-foot circle.—[Photograph by Bolak.]



# CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

## The King and Racing.

King George V. is to run the racehorses left by his father, and it is a pity that the rules of the Jockey Club voided the nominations made for them in King Edward's lifetime. Unless the new King leases a horse already engaged in the Derby, his colours will not be seen in the big Epsom race for three years. It is certain that the interest in the race for the Derby this year will be very great, and while the majority of racing-men think it will be a battle-royal between Neil Gow and Lemberg, there are many owners who contend that the three-year-old colts are not up to the average this year, and that the so-called best of them would not take a deal of beating. I cannot bring myself to believe that this is an outsider's year, and I, for one, shall be sadly disappointed if Neil Gow does not win cleverly, not to say easily. I fancy Lemberg will be second, and Greenback may also be placed. Maher knows his way over the Derby course, as he was successful on Spearmint in 1906, on Cicero in 1905, and on Rock Sand in 1903; and I think he would have won on Bayardo last year but for the falling of Sir Martin, which surely interfered with the Manton colt's chance. Again, he certainly ought to have won on Llangwm in Signorinetta's year if his mount had been fit, for subsequent form proved that he was 20 lb. better than Primer, who had finished in front of him for the Derby. Let us hope that Neil Gow will get away from the starting-gate all right. Maher has no fear on this score, and the trainer, P. Peck, is confident that Lord Rosebery's colt is perfectly reliable under the tapes. It has been freely stated that Maher's retainer for riding Lord Rosebery's horse amounts to something more than £4000, and the American jockey can be relied on to do his best to earn this big sum; while it may not be wrong to conclude that Neil Gow must be a bit extra if the sum referred to is paid for his jockey's services.

**Doing the Derby.** Fashions have changed wonderfully during the last decade in the matter of going to and from race-meetings, and this is especially marked in the case of the Derby. True, to-day we see costers' barrows, horse-buses, and

of old stagers who train down, say, to Sutton and walk up to the course, and after tramping about all day, walk back to the same station at night. These people claim that theirs is an ideal way of doing the Derby. They do not keep to the roads, but make for the bridle-paths, thereby dodging the dust. They also claim, and with some amount of reason, that by standing over on the hills they get a good view of the crowds on the stands, while, in addition, they see both the starts and the finishes of the races. I have

heard of several people who have been to Epsom year after year on Derby Day, and have never seen anything of the big race. They simply make for the hill on arriving and join in the fun of the fair, and leave the main sport to look after itself. There used to be a director of the Brighton Railway Company, a well-known barrister, who often attended the royal train to Epsom. He would stay in the neighbourhood of the station the whole afternoon, and never once went up to the grand stand. He did not care for racing.

## Abandoned Meetings.

The death of King Edward VII. caused several race-meetings to be abandoned, including the Jubilee fixture at Kempton Park and the Whitsun Meeting at Hurst Park. I have heard that enough money is taken on Jubilee

day at Kempton to pay the expenses of the place for a year, and the same remark applies to the Whit Monday fixture at Hurst Park. So it will be seen that the loss to the two meetings named is a serious one. I think the Jockey Club should give both enclosures an extra meeting. This could easily be done, as there are several vacant Mondays in the list; while the Metropolitan sportsmen would, I am sure, patronise the fixtures in big numbers, especially if a couple of good handicaps, one at each place, were set for decision. Further, it would give owners two more chances of getting something towards their training bills. I am not quite sure, by-the-by, that it would do any harm to have racing at both Sandown and Kempton on the August Bank Holiday. The railway company could easily cater for both meetings, and it is quite possible that there would be paying crowds at the two places. Of course the Sandown people might object, but it must not be forgotten that the August Bank



TRESSADY.



GREENBACK.



CHARLES O'MALLEY.

## THE DERBY: THREE OF THE FAVOURITES.

We give photographs of three of the favourites for to-day's Derby. Photographs of the two first favourites, Neil Gow and Lemberg, together with their owners, trainers, and jockeys, will be found on another page.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

char-à-bancs on the road in big numbers, but, in addition, we find the road well patronised by taxi-cabs, motor-cars, and motor-bicycles. The busy City man is content to go to his office and open the letters, then get down to the course by a late special; but the all-day man prefers the taxi-cab and the luncheon-basket, and the horse-coach is almost a thing of the past. There are still no end

Holiday for many years was given to the Hurst Park track, and it drew a leviathan crowd, as the place is well fed by road, rail, and river. Perhaps the Stewards of the Jockey Club will give this matter their consideration, and see what can be done for Kempton and Hurst Park.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

# WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**"Footing It."** With the new modes of locomotion, it is wonderful how the importance of the carriage has diminished. There is nothing particularly stately or imposing in a motor-car—even a 60-h.p. motor-car—for the man in an automobile looks like a man in a hurry, and it is leisure, above all things, which gives dignity to the individual.

Thus it is that a Chinese Mandarin, in a palanquin born by coolies, is infinitely more imposing than a certain British Pro-Consul, who, it is said, goes to railway stations to meet illustrious visitors, hot and dusty on a motor-cycle. Everybody walks nowadays, even on formal occasions, and the other day an American Duchess was actually seen hurrying, on foot, to inscribe her name at Buckingham Palace on an historic occasion. "Carriage folk," as such, no longer have any importance,

her talents are in request. She fills exactly the same rôle in Turkish life to-day that the Fool of Shakespeare filled in courtly circles in the sixteenth century. It is a touching circumstance that these female buffoons are usually poor widows, hard put to it to earn a living. Woman, all the world over, has too keen a sense of the Eternal Ironies (though on this point she is usually inarticulate) to care to jest about them. Hence, in the Occident, there are few female buffoons in the social world, though everybody numbers among their acquaintance half-a-dozen male persons who live luxuriously and fare sumptuously simply by playing the zany to fatigued and solemn persons of wealth. It is not a distinguished or elevating occupation, but there are worse, and one can forgive the buffoon his inanities when you see him raise a smile on the face of a mournful millionaire.

## Beautiful Grandmothers.

There is no doubt that the extraordinary beauty and sempiternal youthfulness of Queen Alexandra have helped to banish the idea of old age in England, and have made grandmothers persons to be reckoned with in the social world. Women of wealth and leisure, if they live hygienically, can prolong the days of their attractions to an amazing extent. Hamlet's indignation at his mother marrying again sounds exaggerated nowadays, for that Prince being himself in his early twenties, the Queen might easily have been no more than forty when she espoused her husband's brother. In mid-Victorian times, it is true, a woman of the leisured classes was considered "on the shelf" when she had achieved two-score years on this planet; she wore a cap, gave up exercise, and regarded herself as an elderly person. She occupied the same position in the public eye which the woman of the working classes of the same age occupies nowadays, for it is not to be supposed that all grandmothers are young, lovely, and attractive. It takes much care, thought, rest, hygiene, and self-denial to be always beautiful, as well as a considerable amount of money, for cures, massage, perfect toilettes, and all that go to the making of a beautiful grandmother make alarming holes in a bank-account. Beauty prolonged is, in short, only for the rich.



[Copyright.]

A LARGE BLACK CHIP HAT TRIMMED WITH BLACK TULLE AND BLACK AND WHITE OSPREYS.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman About-Town" page.)

for the advent of a barouche (if such an early Victorian vehicle still exists) somehow fails to inspire awe in the beholders. In one of M. Henri de Régnier's most striking tales, he depicts a seventeenth-century gentleman who skimps his food in order to keep a dingy coach and a pair of lean nags, simply because to ride in a carriage, in 1680, was to prove your gentle blood, your superiority to those who, footing it, you splashed with the mud from your chariot-wheels. To-day it is the gentlefolk who, for hygienic reasons, make a point of walking, and in the hurry-scurry of petrol-driven vehicles, the practice is likely to grow still more in favour.

## Flying from Saturday to Monday.

All the young bloods of France and England will soon be flying from Saturday to Monday, the objective of the former being (literally) a flying trip to London, while those from English shores will spend the week-end in La Ville Lumière. One supposes this was the idea of the Ruinart prize of £500, as it could only be competed for at a week-end. I believe, to experts, the sensation of flying is extraordinarily exhilarating, and has none of the lamentable results of a voyage on a Channel steamer when the waves are turbulent. Then, too, week-end visits to country houses and hotels will certainly be made this summer by aeroplane, for, after Mr. Grahame-White's humorous exploit before the Woking Bench of magistrates, others will take up the idea and surprise their friends by dropping from the skies into parks and meadows. Nor is it to be supposed for a moment that the strenuous modern woman is going to be left looking on at the newest and most exciting of all sports. She will certainly be found flying in considerable numbers, since aviation does not require great physical strength, but coolness, resource, and nerve.

## The Social Buffoon

In her entertaining book on life in modern Turkey, Marcelle Tinayre tells us how, in old-fashioned harems, the visitor is welcomed by an enigmatic being, "thin, ugly, and hilarious," dressed in strange attire; who seizes your umbrella, shoulders it like a rifle, and performs nameless antics as you follow behind the purdah. This curious creature turns out to be a female buffoon, hired for stated periods to amuse the ladies, and who, when she has exhausted all her jests, tales, and grimaces, passes on to other households where



[Copyright.]

A GRACEFUL EVENING GOWN IN BLACK NINON TRIMMED WITH JET EMBROIDERY, BEADS, AND TASSELS.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

her talents are in request. She fills exactly the same rôle in Turkish life to-day that the Fool of Shakespeare filled in courtly circles in the sixteenth century. It is a touching circumstance that these female buffoons are usually poor widows, hard put to it to earn a living. Woman, all the world over, has too keen a sense of the Eternal Ironies (though on this point she is usually inarticulate) to care to jest about them. Hence, in the Occident, there are few female buffoons in the social world, though everybody numbers among their acquaintance half-a-dozen male persons who live luxuriously and fare sumptuously simply by playing the zany to fatigued and solemn persons of wealth. It is not a distinguished or elevating occupation, but there are worse, and one can forgive the buffoon his inanities when you see him raise a smile on the face of a mournful millionaire.



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### A Black Crowd in the White City.

The value of contrast is very sharply defined at the Japan-British Exhibition. If a stranger went there for his first visit on arrival in London, he would be struck by the effect of the black-garbed crowd against the ivory-white buildings, and would be impressed at once by the deepness of our national mourning. Yet the crowd is cheerful, enjoying the many pretty sights of the Exhibition—none more than the tableaux of the seasons, most artistically arranged from the Uxbridge Road entrance. As there was not much going on in Society last week, many well-known people were doing Japan in bath-chairs.

### Temple of Flora.

The garden of the Temple was last week diverted from its usual legal occupation and given up to the worship of Flora. That Society began to go its usual way again was clearly demonstrated. The Duchess of Wellington was there, dressed in black-silk voile and wearing a glacé-silk fichu edged with a frayed-out ruche of itself. A dull-black straw bonnet, from which depended a long black chiffon veil, was quite correct Court mourning. Lord Ludlow, who escorted Lady Ludlow, dressed in smartest black, wore a white carnation in his buttonhole. Lieutenant-Colonel Holford was there, and Sir George Wombwell; women were by no means the only worshippers of the flowers, if they were the more voluble. I saw a few white dresses. The Countess of Pembroke wore a long black chiffon veil over a black hat, and a dull-black dress. Some black satin foulards, patterned with white, were worn, and one or two black-and-white muslin gowns. Mrs. Arthur James and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, both ardent flower-lovers, were there. Lady Nina Willoughby was a keen observer of the roses; Evelyn Lady Alington was also busily inspecting the lovely flowers.

### July in Colour.

We have learned by experience to expect from members of our royal family the utmost consideration for our well-being. They have made it a tradition and trained us to it. Despite this fact, an extra feeling of admiration for the tact and unselfishness of his Majesty the King, the Queen, and the Queen-Mother was experienced when, in the midst of their own grief, a special Gazette was published expressing their Majesties' desire that a modification should be made in the order previously given, and that full mourning should last until June 17, and half-mourning until June 30. This curtails half-mourning by one month and gives us July for colour. There seems to be nothing that the King and Queen have not thought of for their people.

### Keep Things Going.

There is an unofficial, as well as an official way of helping things along in this time of mourning. It has been unofficially made known to many of those who entertain during the London season that their Majesties have a strong wish that they should continue to keep things going as brightly as possible. There will, as I pointed out before, be dances in July—no great balls, but many a pleasant so-called small dance. Concerts and garden-parties will also help to enliven things. On the whole, the season will be by no means entirely spoiled. "I told you so" is often a most unpleasant phrase; now that it has the contrary meaning, I rejoice that my optimistic prophecies are all coming true. They were, however, founded on the fact that the ideas of the King and the Queen are based on a bedrock of common-sense, with an overgrowth of most human consideration and kindness.

### "Punch" in the Pulpit.

"Mr. Punch" has been in most places, but one does not expect to hear him quoted from the pulpit. Yet the ode to King George in that publication was read by the rector of at least one parish to his congregation, and there was not one present that did not feel the better for it; while, for once in a way, "Mr. Punch" caused tears, not smiles. We have reason to be thankful for an excellent King and Queen, and, being before all things else a reasonable people, thankful we are.

### The Queen's Birthday.

One hopes that a habit of writing and speaking of her Majesty as "Queen Mary" will not be confirmed. She is Queen Mary, but she is *the* Queen, the Consort of King George V. During the late reign it was well known that the King desired that his Consort's Christian name should be used only when occasion required, and that she should be thought of, written of, spoken of as "the Queen." King George has no less feeling of honour and chivalry for his Queen; the fact of her Consortship is her great pride, while it is his pleasure to place her beside him in power, influence, and in all things possible. The Queen's birthday, celebrated somewhat sombrely last week, falls two days later than that of Victoria the Good, which is a happy augury. Personally, I drank her Majesty's health at an inauguration luncheon of the New Gallery as a restaurant, and ate strange but delightful foods. It is such a nice place, and will be a boon to shoppers, for prices are to be strictly moderate.

### Re-entrée of Diamonds and Pearls.

At the Opéra these nights one sees the regular habitués once more in their places, the ladies wearing diamonds and pearls—the only jewels admissible in mourning. There is naturally more attention than ever devoted to them, as there is so little rivalry from dress. Some of the newest designs of the Parisian Diamond Company are beautiful, and they seem to have risen to the occasion when jewelled ornaments are even more important than smart gowns. Their hair-ornaments are a liberal education in beauty and in becomingness. Diamond and pearl earrings have quite taken the place occupied up to the 20th of last month by those of jet.

### Fair Women.

The portraits at the Grafton Gallery may not all represent conventionally fair women, but for the putting on to canvas of charm the portraits are masterpieces. The Lady Mayoress made such a delightful little speech about Art in opening it. She was all in black, of course, with the little gauze Court mourning-veil depending from the back of her toque. Lady Iveagh, Countess Fritz Hochberg, Captain and Lady Beatrix Wilkinson, the Knight of Kerry, and Lady FitzGerald were all there, and, later, I heard that there was a very smart assemblage. The black garb showed up the pictures splendidly.

### The Latest in Black.

On "Woman's Ways" page a sketch will be found of an evening gown in black Ninon, trimmed with jet embroidery, beads, and tassels. It is most gracefully draped and very distinguished-looking. Another drawing is of a large black chip hat, trimmed with black tulle and black and white ospreys.

For many reasons there will doubtless be an enormous sale for the two facsimile letters to the nation—the one from Queen Alexandra and the other from King George (of May 22)—which Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons are publishing by royal command. In each case the entire proceeds of the sale are to be given to an institution selected by the Queen-Mother and the King respectively. This is one reason for buying a copy which will influence the charitable. But the chief motive of the purchasers will doubtless be the intrinsic interest of the letters themselves: in one respect, as examples of the royal handwriting; and secondly, and yet more potently, as an expression of the deep feelings of affection and sympathy that subsist between the royal house and the people. The facsimile of Queen Alexandra's letter has a border designed by Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., while the border for the King's is the work of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema. Both letters are reproduced in two styles—phototype at 1s., and photogravure at £1 1s. each respectively; while a limited number of proof etchings are issued at £2 2s. and £3 3s. each. The facsimiles may be obtained through any bookseller or stationer, or from Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, Raphael House, Moorfields, E.C.

For the Derby and Oaks and other Epsom races, the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company have arranged to despatch express trains at frequent intervals from both their Victoria and London Bridge Stations direct to their Epsom Downs Racecourse Station, near the Grand Stand, many of which will be non-stop trains. The last train leaves London Bridge at 12.50 p.m., Victoria 12.55 p.m. on Tuesday and Thursday, and London Bridge at 1.30 p.m. and Victoria 1.35 p.m. on Derby and Oaks Days. A new feature this year is the running of a "Pullman Limited" non-stop train from Victoria at 12.15 p.m. on Derby and Oaks Days, returning from Epsom Downs at 5 p.m., at a fare of ten shillings.

Verascope photography, its exponents tell us, is more permanent than ordinary photography. The pictures taken to-day can be viewed ten, twenty, fifty—a hundred years afterwards, and each individual person in them, it is said, will be seen standing out in relief as if in actual life. Those who wish to see for themselves the remarkable results of the last three months should visit the premises of M. Jules Richard, Verascope House, 23A, Albemarle Street, London. The Verascope stereoscopic camera is so simple that even a child can learn to work it in a few minutes.

People in this country are becoming less utilitarian in their tastes, and are realising that it is better, like the French, to combine the beautiful with the useful. Everyone who has had any experience of genuine French footwear of the best make, such as that of F. Pinet, of Paris and New Bond Street, London, knows that the Gallic style is always to be relied on when it is a question of dressing faultlessly. Pinet footwear has had a wonderful vogue in the best London Society, having a reputation for fit, comfort, durability, and that inimitable daintiness peculiarly French. Those who are seeking the ideal in boots and shoes would be well advised to visit the London dépôt of this famous French house, at 47, New Bond Street.

Those who wish to have in their possession some record and remembrance of our late King will be interested in a newly published picture of his famous Derby victory last year. The picture is entitled "King Edward's Derby, 1909," and has been specially painted for Messrs. Bovril, Ltd., by W. Hatherell, R.I. It shows Minoru leading in the race. Gravures of this picture may now be obtained from Bovril, Ltd., at 152, Old Street, London, E.C.; for 10s. 6d. each, post free; or for signed artist's proofs, £3 3s. each. The pictures are entirely free from advertisement matter.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on June 8.*

## CONSOLS V. LAND.

AT the current price, Consols yield rather over 3 per cent. on the money, without allowing for the income-tax at 1s. 2d. in the pound. Irish Land stock pays nearly 5s. per cent. more than Consols, the security being identical, but the title suggests to some unlimited Home Rule, and several other impossible horrors. Other gilt-edged issues return  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to  $3\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., and the advance in Consols which has lately taken place was assisted by a little genuine public investment. This buying is apparently stimulated by the reluctance of people to put money into land or houses or similar property, the market in which has been very hard hit by the Lloyd-George Budget. Instead of investing capital in this way, the authorities declare that people are buying gilt-edged securities, and that it is this demand which has had a great deal to do with the rise in the price of Consols from  $80\frac{1}{4}$  to  $82\frac{3}{4}$  within so short a period. The movement has still to work round to Home Railway prior-charge stocks, and in the meantime we may point to the new 4 per cent. Great Western Debenture at  $\frac{1}{2}$  premium—it was issued at 110—as one of the cheapest stocks of its kind.

## CANADIAN RAILWAYS.

There is solid gratification to be derived by those who have followed the information and advice which urged them to buy Canadian Railway stocks at prices considerably lower than those now ruling. Our various correspondents in different parts of the Dominion were unanimous, three months ago, in prophesying that one of the biggest years Canada had ever known lay before her in 1910, and these forecasts bid fair to be fulfilled to the hilt before another five months have sped. To sell Canadian Railway stocks in the face of the brilliant outlook would look like throwing money away; yet the united wisdom of past and present harps ever upon the necessity for selling when "things are good." Certainly, Canadas look fully figured at anything above 200, and Trunk Thirds can hardly be intrinsically worth more than 70 to 75. Both Canadas and Trunks are talked much higher, and market manipulation may easily put them better.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Now, then, gentlemen!" cried The Jobber, taking out notebook and pencil, and giving his hat a knowing angle, "now then, sportsmen! On the Derby! The Derby, or the Oaks?—I'm not particular."

"I've had my usual luck," said The Solicitor. "A sweepstake is my limit."

"Poor old chap!" laughed the amateur bookie. "What did you draw?"

"Neil Gow——"

"Then what d'you mean by talking about your 'usual luck'?" Isn't Neil Gow good——"

"I always draw a favourite," was the calm reply. "So that's my luck. What's yours? I suppose you've got some rank outsider——"

"I don't mind telling *you*," answered The Jobber, speaking to The Carriage at large, "that I put rather more than one shilling on Greenback."

"That's for the sake of the days when you were in the Yankee Market"—and The Broker laughed merrily.

"Each way," continued The Jobber.

The Banker apologised for his ignorance, but asked for enlightenment as to what "each way" meant.

"It means 'there and back,' don't you——"

The others smote him with newspapers rolled up into stiff sticks.

"Don't you pine to be back in the Yankee Market again?" inquired The City Editor, when the hubbub had subsided somewhat.

The Jobber straightened out what remained of his last year's straw hat, and said the Kaffir Market wasn't so bad when one wasn't overworked in it.

There was more genial chaff.

"Oh, the activity will come right enough, don't you fret," was the cheery comment of The Broker. "Mind you, I don't suppose there will be a boom to-morrow——"

"Then I shan't come up," interjected The Jobber.

"But come it will, one day."

"We are amazed at your perspicacity," said The City Editor unkindly.

"One of the cheapest shares is Knight's. We might easily get an autumn boom in Kaffirs."

"A Knight had a pain, when and where?" demanded The Jobber.

There was a dull pause.

"In the middle of the night. Chestnut, is it? Then why didn't you all yell the answer? Chestnut!"

"So it is," declared The City Editor. "It's so old that I had forgotten the answer."

"Stupid things, riddles," remarked The Engineer. "They're as bad as West Africans."

"Eh?"

"Well, we have to give most of them up."

"Getting pessimistic over the Jungle, are you?"

"When they get like that it is often right to buy them, you know," said The City Editor. "Speaking from experience——"

"A City Editor's experience is best left for the readers of his paper to guess at."

The Merchant suddenly laughed.

"I was thinking," he explained, "that we've been in this compartment for quite ten minutes, and no one has mentioned Rubber."

"It is rather remarkable," agreed The Broker. "Shows you how the Rubber boom's got torn, doesn't it?"

"It will come again?" queried The Engineer.

"Difficult to say," replied The Merchant. "Not in the same mad way, of course; but it might revive in a quieter form if the price of Rubber rises."

"And that is——"

"Quite possible," I should say. "Most people look for a drop in Rubber about the autumn——"

"We are not so very far removed from autumn now," The Banker reminded him.

"The recent reports and profits and dividends are disappointing," urged The Broker.

"Because people expected too much," was the answer. "If the figures had come out in what you might call an ordinary way, they would have been hailed as magnificent."

"Prices were moulded to those expectations," The Broker argued.

"That's where we made the mistake, most of us. In a boom, we can never see the least chance of a fall coming."

"And in a slump we can never believe in a single share singing 'Resurgam,'" quoth The Jobber.

"Want an Oil tip?" asked The Solicitor. Of course, they all did.

"You remember Kerns went to nearly fifteen shillings premium? They're about a shilling discount now, and I really think they're cheap."

"Has the knowing division sold all the shares it wants to?"

"Can't answer that, my boy. But to buy a hundred or so, I believe, will turn out quite a decent spec."

## THE INVESTMENT TRUST CORPORATION.

As I have on several occasions predicted in this column that the dividend on the Deferred stock of the *Investment Trust Corporation* would be raised this year to 10 per cent., it is satisfactory to note that this figure has been reached, and still more satisfactory to be able to state, on the authority of the Chairman, Mr. Robert Fleming, that a further advance is expected in future years. As a matter of fact,  $13\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. was earned, and could have been paid, on the Deferred stock, but the Directors preferred to carry £17,345 from Income to the Reserve account. To the same account was carried no less than £72,654, the profit from sales of investments during the year, and these payments raised the Reserve account to £415,000. A valuation of the securities shows that they exceed the total of the issued capital and reserve account by more than £300,000 after payment of the dividend for the year. The total of the Deferred stock issued is only £624,000, and the assets, if realised, would exceed the whole of the capital by over £715,000. In other words, if the Debenture stocks and Preferred stock were paid off in full, the balance for the Deferred stockholders would exceed £215x.d. for every £100 of stock. The present market price, it will be noted, is about £190 cum. div., so that this stock is undervalued to the extent of about £30 per cent.

The Directors have decided to issue immediately the balance of the nominal capital, amounting to £440,000. This will be done by offering 44,000 shares of £10 each pro rata to the stockholders at a price of £12 10s. per share. These shares will be converted a year hence into Preferred and Deferred stock in the proportions of 3:2. An applicant for ten shares will therefore have in a year's time £60 of Preferred and £40 of Deferred stock, for which he will have paid £125. The value of the Preferred stock may be taken as approximately par, and stockholders will therefore under this scheme be obtaining Deferred stock at about £165. As there is every reason to suppose that the dividend will be at least maintained, it seems clear that these new shares will prove a good investment, and within twelve months they should be worth £1 premium! It may be wondered how the Board are able to increase the capital and maintain the rate of dividend, when this has reached so high a figure as 10 per cent. This is partly due to the fact that three-fifths of the new capital becomes a Preferred stock, receiving only 4 per cent., and partly because an issue of 4 per cent. Debenture stock, equal in amount to the new capital, will immediately follow. The net result will be that the capital will be increased by—

£440,000 of 4 per cent. Debenture stock, requiring for interest	£17,600
£264,000 of 4 per cent. Preferred " " "	£10,560
and £176,000 of Deferred stock.	

For these stocks, assuming that the Debenture stock is issued at par, the Company will receive, including the premium on the new shares, £990,000. On the present investments the directors obtain about 5 per cent.; if the new capital be invested at the same rate, it will produce £49,500 per annum, or a surplus over the above fixed charges of £21,340. As a 10 per cent. dividend on the new Deferred stock would only call for £17,600, there would remain about £4000, equivalent to a further  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the whole of the Deferred stock. It need hardly be said that all stockholders should apply for their full allotment of new shares.

Saturday, May 28, 1910.

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*Correspondents must observe the following rules—*

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a



private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. W. M. G.—Your letter was answered on the 26th inst, and your other letter forwarded.

A. B. K.—The first Rubber Company is a good concern. No dividend yet, but producing. The capitalisation per acre is rather high. The second Company you had better get out of if you can. We have little faith in the Oil Companies, but they may easily go better. The Kafir has no merits, but we expect will, with the whole market, improve.

SUPPLY.—Please repeat your questions. In the scramble of going to Press early, caused by the holidays and the King's death, your letter must have been mislaid. We apologise.

INQUIRER.—We think Globe and Surprise might suit you, or for cheaper shares, Wanderer.

ALISON.—In answering your questions we do not feel confident of our judgment. (1) A gamble, of which we have a poor opinion. (2) A good risk, in which the right people are mixed up. (3) Registered too lately for anything to be known except what was set out in the prospectus. Good people in it. (4) We have no faith in this Rubber Company.

S. R. F.—Private letters can only be written in accordance with Rule 5. If you part with your cash to the people in question, you deserve to lose it: the whole thing is clearly a common Yankee trick to get your money.

MISS S. M.—Your letter has been handed over to the publishing department, to which it ought to have been addressed.

C. R. B.—We are beginning to despair, and have sold our own shares within the last two months.

B. W.—The change would give you a lower class of investment. All the stocks are second-rate. We like No. 7 best, and then Nos. 2, 4, and 5, in order given.

NIGER.—Of course, the railway securities are not gilt-edged, but good speculative holdings. We have not changed our opinion. The mine is a fair investment.

C. S. T.—Your questions cannot be answered satisfactorily without more knowledge than we possess. (1) The intentions of the Board are not known. (2) A large part of it is said to be suitable. (3) This depends on what dividend satisfies you and the future of the market. We would as soon hold Bukit Rajahs as any Rubber share.

**MOUNT LYELL CONSOLS COPPER.**—The American reports about copper are very much more satisfactory, and in consequence a distinct rally has taken place in the quotation of all the principal Copper shares. Amalgamated Copper, Anacondas, etc., have all improved considerably in value. To-day some of the lower-priced shares are offering considerable chances without probably too great risk. A Company the shares of which its friends think undervalued

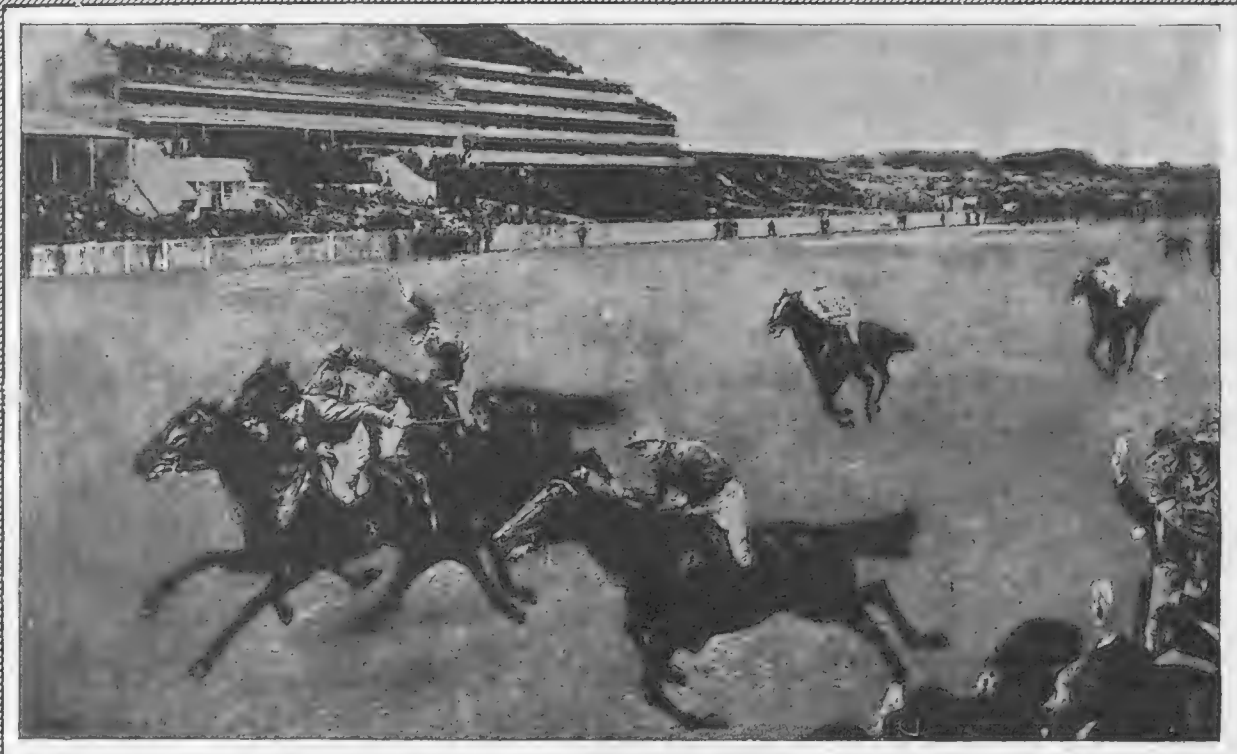
is the Mount Lyell Consols. Production with one shift has been in progress for some time, and the Company has been almost paying its way; but a cable is said to have come stating that a second shift is to start next week, so that profits should be earned almost immediately, more especially if it is taken into account that the mine is supposed to be a clay proposition, and the working expenses, in consequence, very low. An additional attraction is the possibility of the Mount Lyell North ore being encountered at depth, and boring for this lode almost immediately is under consideration. What it would mean to the Consols Mine if this ore-body were met with, it is needless to state; but that the shares would not be obtainable at anything like the present quotation of about 4s. is certain. They have at one time been about 17s. 6d., when the prospects were not so bright as at present.

The Rom Tyre and Rubber Company is a happy combination of the manufacturer and the producer. The tyres manufactured have obtained great favour with users of motor-cycles during the last twelve months, and gained numerous first-class awards in official tests and competitions on ordinary roads and at Brooklands. The trade has extended naturally to motor-tyres, and the Company hopes to draw much of its supplies through the collection of wild rubber from its estate in West Africa, and later from plantation trees on it. With one exception, no kindred company has any such double advantage, and in anticipation of future profits, the shares might rapidly rise from the present level of about 30s.

**AFRICAN FREEHOLD COAL LANDS, LTD.**—If any further proof of the merits of this Company were required, it could be found in the Chairman's statement of the position and prospects of the Company at the annual meeting last week. Mr. R. W. Mitchell explained fully the prospects of the Vaalbank Colliery, on which all energies have so far been concentrated. Before the autumn the Board expects to be earning dividends, and to be making profits of about £30,000 a year in 1911. The Company is said to be in a strong financial position. The flotation of a subsidiary is talked of, and the shares might have a substantial rise.

#### MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think Neil Gow will win the Derby, and Lemberg and Admiral Hawke may be placed. The Coronation Cup should go to Bayardo, and the Oaks to Winkipop. Other selections for Epsom are: Stewards' Handicap, Rock Lane; Town Plate, Perdiccas; Great Surrey Foal Stakes, Night Rider; Chipstead Plate, Artisan; Acorn Stakes, Black Potts. At Kempton these should go close: Kingston Plate, Atty; Windsor Castle Handicap, The Cox; Corinthian Plate, Sea Pink gelding; and Redfern Plate, Martingale.



#### KING EDWARD'S DERBY (1909).

##### "Minoru Wins."

This picture, specially painted by W. Hatherell, R.I., for Bovril Ltd., represents the historic scene last year at Epsom, when King Edward's horse, "Minoru," won the Derby.

In response to many inquiries, beautifully executed gravures of this picture may now be obtained from Bovril Ltd., at 152 Old Street, London, E.C., at 10/6 each, post free; signed Artist's proofs, £3 3/- each.

The size of the picture is about 30×17 in., and the size of the paper about 40×30 in., and it is entirely free from advertisement matter.

Up to and including 30th June, 1910, these gravures can be obtained free by users of Bovril, in exchange for Bovril Coupons to the aggregate face value of not less than 21/- (Artist's proofs not less than £5 5/-). Sixpence for postage must be sent with the Coupons.

£1000 INSURANCE. See Page 240.

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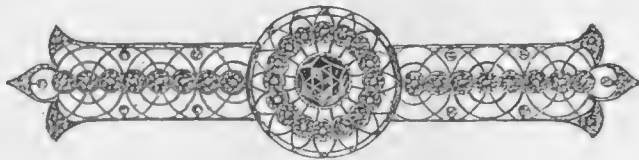


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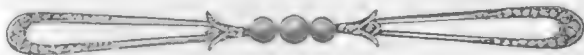
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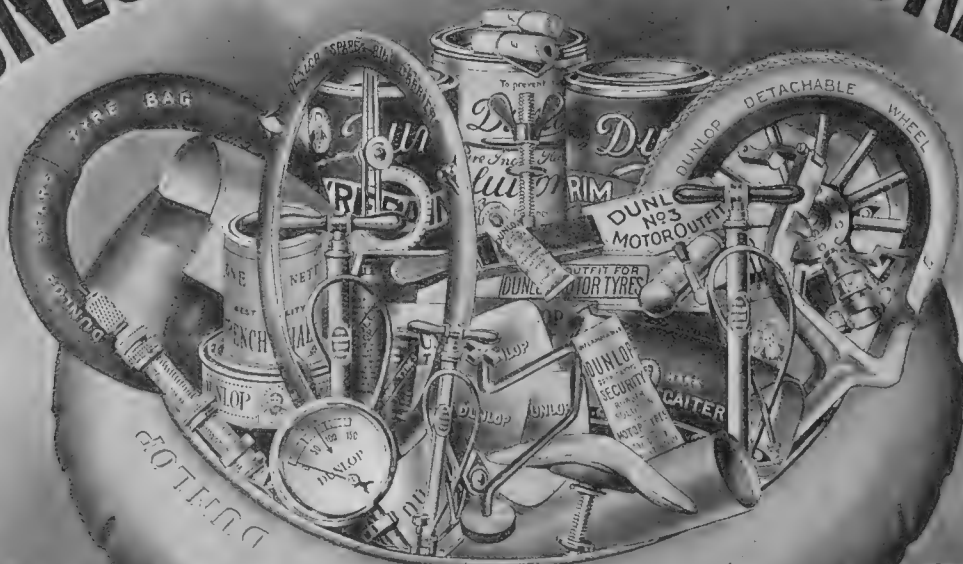
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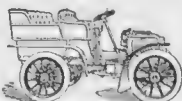
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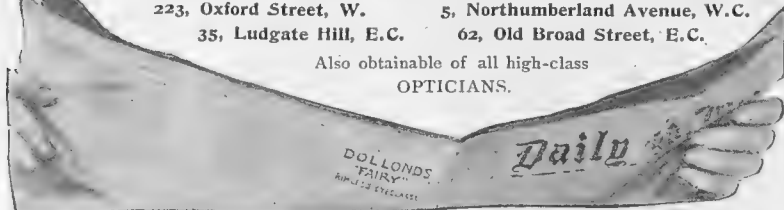
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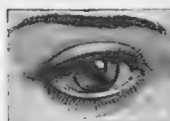
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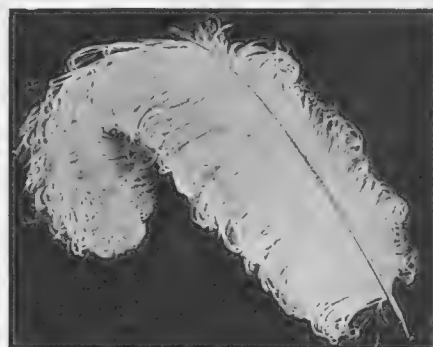
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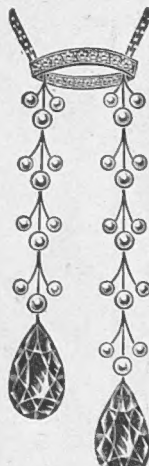
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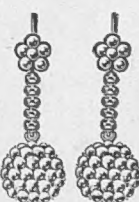
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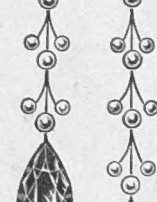
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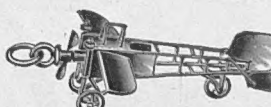
3-row Gem Ring, with Diamonds, Rubies, Sapphires, and Pearls, £3 3s.



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## THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

The Oxidisation of Bearings. In my notes of last week I referred to Mr. R. K. Morcom's strong support of forced lubrication, not

only to the crank-shaft bearings, but also to the gudgeon-pins and cylinder-walls. In the discussion which followed Mr. Morcom's luminous paper, Colonel Crompton asked the author how any forced system of lubrication could be prevented from containing oxidising matter, whether as acid in the oil itself, or by way of the water which always finds its way into crank-chambers in greater or lesser quantity. Colonel Crompton referred to the curious effect of water on ball-bearings—in fact, all bright steel bearings—which resulted frequently in an appearance of heavy wear. This, however, was not due to wear at all, but to heavy oxidisation, and the wearing away of the surfaces so oxidised. Oils of greater adhesiveness had been suggested as a remedy, but the danger was in the fact of the oils possessing within themselves the substances which attacked the steel.

**How to Avoid It.** If the deleterious acids reside only in the water contained in the oil, or that which gains access thereto from leakage into the crank-chamber, it seems to me that the evil might be avoided by a proper construction of the suction-well from which the oil is withdrawn by the pump. This should take the form of a grease-pot, which should be made as deep as circumstances would allow, the suction-pipe from

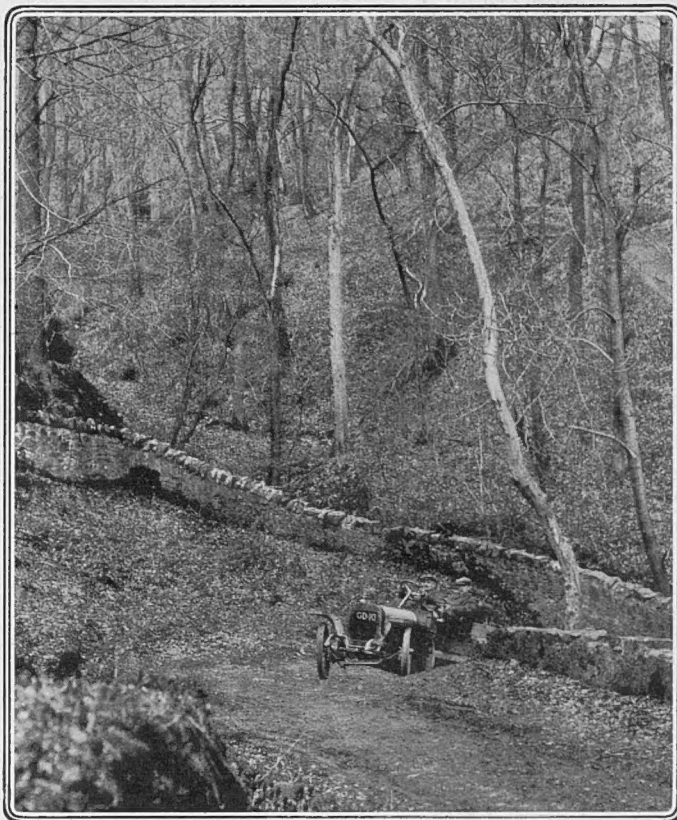
the pipe passing very nearly to the bottom of such a chamber, and being surrounded even there by a fine gauze filter. If there were a head of, say, six inches of oil above the open end of the suction-pipe, and the suction-chamber were the lowest part of the crank-chamber, no water could pass with the forced oil to the bearings.

Moreover, any accumulation of the fluid on the surface of the oil in the sump or suction-chamber could be drawn off at frequent intervals by a drainage-cock placed at a suitable level. If, however, any harm is to be feared from acid contained in the oil itself, then the only hope is in the efforts of chemists, like Mr. Veitch Wilson, of Price's Candle Company, to eliminate it entirely.

An Indispensable Guide.

Intending foreign tourists will learn with

interest that a new English edition of the familiar and useful "Michelin Guide to France" has just been issued. Nothing better or more complete of its kind has ever been put before the British automobile public. The work is remarkable for most useful and comprehensive charts of the country, a compendious gazetteer, distances between towns, the condition of the roads; suggestions as to scenery, taxes, litigation, police, names, addresses, and classification of hotels, with their charges; a list of garages, petrol-depots, and accumulator-charging stations. And these are but a part of its contents. It is a miracle of careful, conscientious compilation, and should be in the car-pocket of every motorist touring La Belle France. It is obtainable from the Michelin Tyre Company, Ltd., Sussex Place, South Kensington, S.W., or from Michelin Guide, 105, Boulevard Pereire, Paris.



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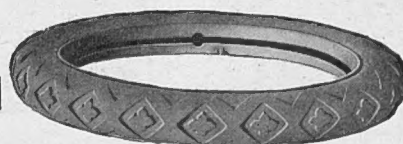
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